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THE WINSTON READERS

FIRMAN AND MALTBY

FOURTH READER

THE WINSTON READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

SIDNEY G. FIRMAN

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

AND

ETHEL H. MALTBY

OF CORNING, NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY

FREDERICK RICHARDSON

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

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F.R.

THE STORY ON THE PLATE

There was once a Chinese nobleman who had an only daughter named Li-Chi. Her mother was dead and she and her father lived in a fine two-story house on the bank of a river. This was a very uncommon kind of house for that country, for almost all of the Chinese houses were but one story high.

The fact is that Li-Chi's father was a very great man, and the story of his life is told on many of the plates in China.

Li-Chi was a very beautiful girl, and as her father was a rich man, she was always dressed in the finest silks that money could buy.

Close beside their home was a fine large peach tree. Every spring its branches were red with blossoms, and every summer it bent down under the weight of the ripening fruit. Some of the branches were so close to the window of Li-Chi's room that she could reach out and pick the beautiful, rosy peaches. She was very fond of eating them, and she also liked to sit for hours and look at them. She often said that the peaches were more beautiful than all the flowers in her father's garden.

Her favorite dresses were made of peach-colored silk. If you had seen her in one of these beautiful dresses, you would have thought she was a princess.

Her father thought her very beautiful, too, and wished her to marry a duke.

But Li-Chi did not wish to marry a duke; for she had fallen in love with Chang, her father's secretary, who lived in a little cottage on an island in the river that flowed past the nobleman's house.

Every morning he came in his boat, and all day long he wrote letters for the nobleman. But he must have found some time to visit with Li-Chi, for these two young persons soon became very fond of each other.

When Li-Chi's father learned of this, he was angry. He hired a new secretary, and he would not allow Chang to even come to his house.

The duke whom Li-Chi's father wished her to marry was much older than she was. Besides she had never seen him, so she did not know whether she should like him, or not. But she knew that she loved Chang, and she did not wish to marry anybody but him.

One day the nobleman came to Li-Chi and said, "I have promised the duke that you shall marry him when the peach tree blossoms."

Li-Chi begged her father not to be so cruel, but he would not listen to her.

It was now late in the winter and the willow tree that stood by the river was already in blossom. The peach tree would not blossom until spring, but every

day Li-Chi watched the buds from her window; for she was afraid they would suddenly burst into bloom. She also looked across the river to the island where Chang lived. She often said to herself, "Is Chang dead? or has he forgotten me?"

But Chang was not dead, nor had he forgotten Li-Chi. He thought of her day and night, and one night he sent her a message.

She was sitting on the bank of the river when a little boat with a tiny sail floated right to her feet. In it she found a small bead that she had given to Chang, which was a proof that the boat came from him. There was also a small piece of paper on which was written these words:

"When the willow fades away,
And the peach with flowers is gay,
Tell me, sweetheart, can it be
You will fly away with me?"

Li-Chi wrote the following answer:

"When the peach with flowers is gay,
You and I must fly away.
Hasten then to come for me
Down beside the willow tree."

Then she placed her letter in the tiny boat and turned the sail about, so that it would sail back to Chang. It was a great journey for so tiny a boat;

but it finally ran upon the shore of the island and was found by Chang.

The next Monday evening he crossed the river without being seen by the nobleman. He drew his boat upon the shore and went to the gardener's cottage and was welcomed by the gardener and his wife. Then he asked, "Do you know when the duke is coming to marry Li-Chi?"

"Yes, he is coming on Wednesday," said the gardener, "and he and Li-Chi are to be married on Thursday, for then the moon will be lucky. I have orders to take six dozen carp out of the fish ponds for the wedding feast. The fat peacocks are to be killed, hunters have been sent out to capture a wild boar, and there are to be as many oysters as the guests can eat."

"The servants say that the duke is bringing his bride beautiful dresses, a big box of jewels, and a necklace of pearls as large as sparrow's eggs," said the gardener's wife.

Chang thanked them for what they had told him, and asked them if they could borrow one of the servant's dresses for him, so that he could get into the dining room on the night of the wedding dinner.

These faithful servants said they would be glad to help him, but they were so afraid of the nobleman that they did not dare to go against his wishes. So Chang went away disappointed.

Preparations for the Wedding

The next few days were spent in making preparations for the wedding. The nobleman gave orders from morning until night. The dining hall was swept and the floors were then covered with sweet smelling leaves. From the walls and the ceiling hung beautiful colored lanterns and fans. Everyone was busy and happy except Li-Chi, who sat in her own room looking out on the river.

On the morning of the wedding the peach tree was covered with lovely red blossoms, but Li-Chi would not look at them. She said they were horrid. She kept looking at the willow tree, whose blossoms were faded and almost gone.

Soon her maids came to ask her to allow them to dress her in the beautiful peach-colored silk dress that the duke had sent her. She refused to wear it, because the color that she once had loved was now so hateful to her. In place of that, she chose a dress of blue silk, which was covered with beautiful golden butterflies.

When the maids had finished dressing Li-Chi, they hung the necklace of pearls about her neck.

"Now leave me all alone," said she.

She was tired of their foolish talk about the duke, and wished to look out of her window and see if the willow blossoms were all gone yet.

Her maids went away, but they came back in a minute to tell her that one of the men servants wished to speak to her.

"Let him come in," said Li-Chi.

The young man who entered wore a blue robe that covered him from head to foot, and a broad straw hat half concealed his face. He took this off and Li-Chi saw that it was Chang himself. She could hardly believe her eyes until he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"I dressed as a beggar and came into the dining room," replied Chang. "There, I found this gown that one of the servants had left. I quickly put it on, slipped behind the screen, and found my way to your room."

Li-Chi found an old gown that the nurse usually wore. She wrapped it around her, and it entirely covered her dress.

"Never mind my shoes," she said; "I shall run so fast that no one will see them."

In her hand she carried the wooden rod that every Chinese woman uses for spinning, for she did not intend to be a useless wife to Chang. She asked him to carry the box of jewels.

The lovers crept behind the screen and ran toward the willow tree. Here was the bridge that led to the

gardener's cottage, and this was the place where Chang's boat was waiting for them.

"I hope my father will not see us," whispered Li-Chi.

"Do not be afraid," said Chang. "I have asked the good fairies not to let him catch us. I am sure they will not fail us."

Li-Chi's pretty little shoes would not allow her to run very swiftly. Before she and Chang reached the bridge, the nobleman came running after them with a whip in his hand.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Will no one stop the thief who has stolen my daughter?"

The picture shows the three running across the bridge. The first is Li-Chi with her spinning rod, the next is Chang with the box of jewels, and the last is the nobleman with his whip.

Just as the nobleman was about to take hold of Chang, the good fairies changed him and Li-Chi into two pigeons; and they flew up into the air where you see them in the picture. The nobleman was left alone on the bridge and the duke's jewels fell to the bottom of the river.

The nobleman and the duke were both very angry, but Chang and Li-Chi were very happy. They never lived in the cottage on the island, where they had intended to live, but instead they built a cozy nest in the willow tree. And there they live to this very day.

—*Chinese Tale.*

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER

"Oh, dear! is summer over?"
I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

"Oh, why did summer leave me,
Little me, belated?
Where are the other roses?
I think they might have waited!"

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other roses opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gayly in the sun,
"I thought the summer over;
Why, it's only just begun!"

—Oliver Herford

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

A long time ago there lived in a small town in the little kingdom of Denmark a boy named Hans Christian Andersen. His parents were poor and his father earned a living by making shoes.

Hans' father's workshop, which was also the home of the family, was in the attic of a six-story house. It was high up under the sloping roof, where it was very hot in summer and cold in winter. Here he spent all his boyhood days, and the familiar room became a real home to him.

There was no yard to play in, nor any garden where flowers and vegetables might grow, but in the gutter under the window was a box filled with earth where rose-bushes and flowers had been planted. Hans had no brothers or sisters to play with, but a little girl who lived in another part of the attic often came here to play with him. This was the same window-box that he afterwards told about in his story of the "Snow Queen," and it also reminds us of his story of "Five in One Pod."

Although Hans' parents were poor, they were never in actual want. His father had even managed to save enough money to buy a few books, which he read to Hans while he toiled at his bench. This was the foundation of the lad's love of stories and story-telling.

When Hans was nine years old, his father was called

to the army, but in a short time he became ill and returned home and soon afterwards died. His mother now had to go out to wash and Hans went to work in a cloth factory. However, his mother soon married again, and then he was sent to school for a short time. He wanted his mother to send him to study in Copenhagen; and at last she paid the driver of a stage-coach to take him to the sea-coast, from whence he took a ship for that city.

But opportunities were not as abundant there as the country lad had supposed. He tried first one thing and then another until at last his money was almost gone. Then he went to a great singing master and asked him to teach him to sing. The singing master was pleased with Hans' manners and found his voice so good that he took him under his own roof; but almost before his singing lessons had begun, the lad caught a severe cold that permanently ruined his voice.

However, Hans had made many friends during the brief time he had spent in the city, and one of them now went to the king and persuaded him to provide for the education of the lad. After he had thus completed his education at Copenhagen, the king sent Hans all over Denmark, and in this way he learned many of the delightful tales that he wrote for the boys and girls of every country to read. The following stories are among the best that he wrote:

THE CONCEITED APPLE BRANCH

It was the month of May. The wind still blew cold; but from every bush and tree, from every field and flower, came the welcome sound, "Spring has come." The hedges were covered with wild flowers. Spring was also busy under the little apple tree. He told his

tale from one of the branches that was covered with delicate pink and white buds that were just ready to open. The branch knew very well how beautiful it was.

A nobleman's carriage, in which a young lady sat, stopped in the road near by. She thought the apple branch was a most lovely object, so the branch was broken off for her, and she held it in her hand and sheltered it with her silk parasol. Then the carriage was driven to the castle in which were lofty halls and splendid rooms. Pure white curtains fluttered before the open windows. Beautiful flowers stood in shining vases; and in one of them, which looked as if it had been cut out of new fallen snow, the apple branch was placed. It was a charming sight! Then the branch became proud, which was very much like some foolish persons.

As the apple branch stood before the open window he could see gardens and fields, where there were many flowers and plants. Some were rich and beautiful, and some were poor and humble. "Poor, common plants," said the apple branch. "There is really a great difference between them and such as I am. How unhappy they must be, if they can feel as those in my position do! There is a difference indeed, as there ought to be, or we should all be equals."

The apple branch looked with a kind of pity upon

certain little flowers that are found in the fields and the ditches. No one bound these flowers together in a bouquet. They were too common. They even grew between the paving stones. They shot up everywhere, like bad weeds; and they had the very ugly name of dandelions.

"Poor, common plants," said the apple bough. "It is not your fault that you are so ugly, and have such an ugly name. But plants are like men—there must be a difference."

"Is there a difference?" asked the sunbeam, as he kissed the blossoming apple branch, and then kissed the yellow dandelion out in the fields. All were brothers, and the sunbeam kissed the poor flowers as well as the rich.

The apple branch had never thought of the great love that God has for everything that lives. He had never thought of the good and the beautiful who are so often unknown, but who are never forgotten by God.

The sunbeam knew that the apple branch was wrong.

So he said to the apple branch, "Which is the plant you are sorry for?"

"The dandelion," he replied. "No one ever places them in a bouquet. There are so many of them, they are stepped on. When the seeds form, they have flowers like wool, which fly away over the roads in

little pieces, and cling to the dresses of people. They are only weeds, but, of course, there must be weeds. Oh, I am really very glad that I was not made like one of those flowers."

Soon a whole group of children came into the fields. The youngest was so small that he had to be carried by the others. When he was seated on the grass among the yellow flowers, he laughed aloud with joy. He kicked out his little legs, and picked the yellow flowers, and kissed them.

The older children broke off the flowers with long stems, and bent the stalks around each other to form links. They made chains for their necks and wreaths to wear around their heads. They looked very fine in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. The oldest carefully gathered the flowers that had gone to seed. These white feathery flowers were very beautiful, and looked like fine snowy feathers. The children held them before their mouths and tried to blow away the whole crown with one puff of the breath. They had been told by their grandmothers that whoever did this would be sure to have new clothes before the end of the year.

"Do you see the beauty of these flowers?" said the sunbeam. "Do you see their power to give pleasure?"

"Yes, to children," said the apple branch.

By and by an old woman came into the field, and

began to dig up the roots of the dandelion plants with a blunt knife without a handle. She would use some of these to make tea for herself. She would sell the others to the druggist.

"But beauty is worth more than all this," said the apple branch. "There is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

Then several persons came into the room. Among them was the young lady who had placed the apple branch in the vase, which was standing in the window. She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. It was hidden by two or three great leaves, which covered it so that nothing could injure it. It was carried much more carefully than the apple branch had been. Very carefully the large leaves were removed, and there was left only the feathery seed crown of the dandelion. This was what the young lady had so carefully picked, and carried home so safely that not one of the delicate feathery arrows was lost.

"See," she said, "how wonderfully God has made this little flower. I will paint it and the apple branch together. Every one likes the beauty of the apple branch, and every one likes the beauty of the golden dandelion."

Then the sunbeam kissed the dandelion and the blooming apple branch, and the apple branch blushed with shame.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
A fragrant apple orchard in the spring,
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the robin sings its story,
In the spring?

Have you picked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their fragrant odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring,
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the thrushes softly calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring!
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—*William Martin.*

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

In the corner of the parlor stood a large wooden cupboard. It was very old and no one knew how long it had stood there. Probably somebody's great-grandmother had left it there and then had forgotten to come back for it.

The most curious thing about the cupboard was the door; for on it was carved the figure of a man who was funny enough to make one laugh. He had goat's legs, and there were horns on his head and a long beard on his chin. The children always called him Major-Billy-goat-legs.

Major-Billy-goat-legs was always looking toward the table under the mirror; for there stood a lovely little porcelain shepherdess. Her shoes were made of gilt, and a rose was pinned on her dress. Her hat was also made of gilt, and she had a shepherd's crook, so she was really very lovely.

Close beside her stood a little chimney sweep as black as a coal, but also made of porcelain. But although he was so black, he was as clean and as nice as anybody. He was a chimney sweep only because he had been made one. The workmen might just as well as not have made a prince of him.

There he stood with a little ladder in his hand and

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with a face as white and with cheeks as red as a girl's. This, of course, was a mistake, for his face should have been blackened a little. He was standing close beside the shepherdess—for some one had placed them there; and they soon became very fond of each other.

Close beside them stood another figure which was three times as large as they were. This was an old Chinaman who could nod his head. He also was made of porcelain, and used to say that he was the grandfather of the little shepherdess; but I don't think that was true. However, he kept nodding at Major-Billy-goat-legs, who was courting the little shepherdess.

"Now there is a fine husband for you," said the old Chinaman. "He's made of mahogany and he can make you Lady Major. He has the whole cupboard full of silver for you."

"I don't want to go into the dark cupboard," said the little shepherdess. "I have heard that he has eleven porcelain wives in there already!"

"Then you can be the twelfth," said the Chinaman. "To-night, as soon as it is dark, you two shall be married, as sure as I am a Chinaman."

Then he nodded his head and fell asleep; but the little shepherdess looked at the porcelain chimney sweep and began to weep.

"I think I must ask you to go out into the wide world with me," said she, "for we cannot remain here."

"I am willing to do anything you want me to do," said the little sweep. "Let us start at once. I think I shall be able to earn a living."

"I wish we were safely down from the table," she said. "I shall never be happy again until we are out in the wide world."

The little sweep tried to comfort her, and they began to climb down from the table on the little ladder. Just then they looked in the direction of the cupboard, and were so frightened that they almost fell to the floor. Everything seemed to be in great confusion. Major-Billy-goat-legs was jumping up and down and shouting at the old Chinaman, "They are running away! They are running away!"

This frightened the runaways and they jumped onto the window seat.

"I cannot bear it here," said the little shepherdess. "Let us go somewhere."

So they went down to the floor; but when they looked up at the table, they saw that the Chinaman had awakened and was rocking to and fro.

"The old Chinaman is coming!" cried the little shepherdess, as she tried to hide herself.

"I have an idea," said the sweep. "Let us creep into the great rose-jar that stands in the corner. There we can lie on the roses and throw salt into the old Chinaman's eyes if he comes after us."

"That will never do," said she, "for the rose-jar and the Chinaman are very fond of each other. They can't help it, you know, for they were both made from the same porcelain."

"Then have you really enough courage to go out into the wide world with me?" asked the sweep. "Have you heard how big it is? Besides, we could never come back here again."

"I am ready to go," said she.

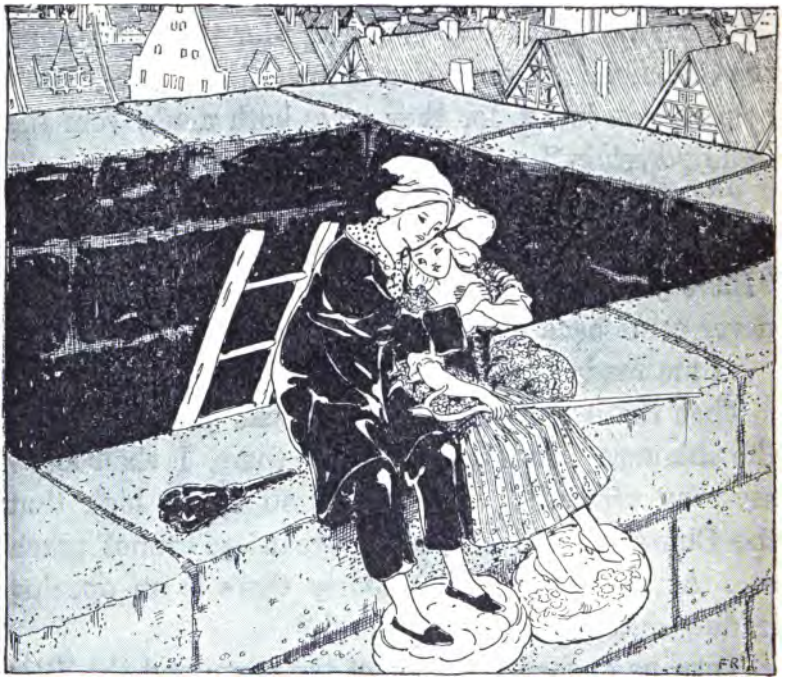
Then the little sweep said, "We can go out through the chimney. As soon as we get there, I shall know my way perfectly. We shall climb up so high that the Chinaman and Major-Billy-goat-legs cannot reach us. At the top of the chimney there is an opening leading out into the wide world."

Then he opened the door of the stove and the little shepherdess peeked in.

"Oh! how dark it is in there," she said. But she climbed in with the sweep for all of that.

"Now we are in the chimney," said he. "Look at the beautiful star that is shining just above us!"

It was a real star in the sky and it shone down upon them as if it wanted to show them the way. They crawled up as well as they could, and it was dreadfully far to go, and so very high. The sweep helped the little shepherdess as much as he could and showed her the best places to rest her tiny little feet. At last



they reached the top of the chimney and sat down to rest.

The sky with all its stars was above them and below them lay all the roofs of the city. They could see all around them, far out into the wide world. The poor little shepherdess had never thought it was anything like this. She leaned her little head against the chimney sweep and cried until the gilt was all washed off her girdle.

"Oh! this is too much for me," she sobbed. "I can

never endure it! The world is too big. I wish I were back again on the little table under the mirror. You will go back with me if you care anything for me."

The poor sweep tried to reason with her. He reminded her of the old Chinaman and Major-Billy-goat-legs, but she only cried more than ever; so, at last he had to take her back again.

They crawled down the chimney and at last reached the dark stove. Before opening the door they stopped to listen, but they could hear nothing. So they opened the door just a little bit and peeped out. There, in the middle of the floor, lay the old Chinaman.

He had fallen from the table when he tried to run after the shepherdess and the sweep, and there he lay, broken into three pieces. The whole of his back had broken off in one piece, and his head had rolled over into the corner. Major-Billy-goat-legs stood on the cupboard door and seemed to be buried in thought.

"It is terrible!" said the little shepherdess. "My old grandfather is broken to pieces, and it is all our fault! I shall never get over it!" And then she wrung her tiny little hands and wept.

"He can be mended," said the sweep. "Do try to take things more calmly. If they glue his back on and put a strong rivet in his neck, he will be as good as new and may be able to say a good many unpleasant things to us yet."

"Do you think so?" she asked, as she dried her tears.

Then they climbed upon the table where they had been before.

"Well, this is as far as we have gone," said the chimney sweep. "We might as well have saved ourselves all the trouble."

"Now, if only old grandfather were mended!" said the shepherdess.

And he was mended. The people in the house glued his back on and put a strong rivet in his neck. Then he was as good as new, except that he could not nod his head.

"You seem to have become rather proud since your accident," said Major-Billy-goat-legs, "but I don't think it anything to be proud of. Shall I have the shepherdess or shall I not?"

The chimney sweep and the shepherdess were dreadfully afraid that the old Chinaman would say "yes," but he couldn't on account of the rivet in his neck.

So the little porcelain people were not troubled any more, for which they blessed the rivet in grandfather's neck. And they loved each other to the end of their days.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

THE NIGHTINGALE

The story I am going to tell you happened many years ago, but just on that account perhaps it is well worth hearing.

In China the emperor is a Chinaman and all those who are about him are Chinamen, also. The emperor's palace was the most splendid one in all the world. It

was made entirely of porcelain and was very costly; but it was so delicate and brittle that one had to be very careful about touching it.

In the garden were the most wonderful flowers and little bells were tied to the most beautiful of them, so that no one might pass without noticing the flowers. This garden was so large that even the gardener himself did not know where the end of it was. If you kept walking through the garden, you would come at last to a forest full of tall trees and deep lakes. The forest came down to the shore of the sea and great ships could sail under the branches of the trees.

In the forest lived a nightingale that sang so sweetly that even the poor fisherman, who had so many other things to do, would rest on his oars and listen when he went out at night to haul in his nets. "How beautiful the song is!" he would say.

Visitors came from all parts of the world to the city where the emperor lived. They admired the city and the palace and the garden; but when they heard the nightingale, they said: "This is the best of all."

When the travelers went back to their homes, they talked of all they had seen, and many of them wrote books about the city and the palace and the garden, and they did not forget the nightingale, which they praised above everything else. These books were carried all over the world and at last some of them reached the emperor.

"What is this about the nightingale?" asked the emperor. "I have never heard of him, and to think that one has to find out about such things in books!"

So he called his chamberlain, who was a very great person, and said: "I have heard that there is a very remarkable bird here called a nightingale. They say he is the finest thing in my empire, and yet I have never heard of him until now. So I order you to have him come here this evening and sing to me."

"I never heard him mentioned before," replied the chamberlain, "but I shall look for him and I hope that I shall find him."

The chamberlain ran through the palace, asking all those he met if they had heard of the nightingale; but no one had heard of him, so the chamberlain ran back to the emperor and said:

"There is no such thing as a nightingale. It is only a story made up by the person who wrote the book. Your majesty must not believe everything that you read in books."

"But the book in which I read this," replied the emperor, "was sent to me by the great and mighty emperor of Japan, and the story must be true. I am determined to hear this nightingale, and if he is not brought to me this evening, all the court shall be trampled on as soon as supper is over."

So the chamberlain ran about the palace again, upstairs and down; but he could find no one who knew anything about the nightingale. At last he came to the kitchen and there he found a poor little maid who said: "Oh, yes! I know the nightingale. You ought to hear him sing. Every evening they let me take home some of the food that is left for my poor sick mother, who lives down by the shore. When I am tired I sometimes sit down to rest, and then I hear the nightingale sing. Oh! it is wonderful! It brings tears to my eyes!"

"My little kitchen maid," replied the chamberlain, "I will get you a better place in the kitchen and permission to see the emperor dine, if you will only take me to the nightingale."

"Come with me, then," said the little kitchen maid.

So they all set out for the forest and half the court went with them. As they walked along, they heard a cow lowing.

"Hark!" said some one. "There he is! What a loud voice for such a small creature! I am sure that I have heard him before."

"Oh, no, that's only the cow lowing," said the kitchen maid. "We are still a long way from the place."

Soon some frogs began to croak in a pond.

"Beautiful!" said another. "The nightingale's song is just like tiny church bells!"

"Oh, that is only the frogs," said the kitchen maid; "but we are near the place now."

Just then the nightingale began to sing.

"There he is!" said the little maid. "Listen, listen! There he sits in that tree!" And she pointed to a little gray bird up among the branches.

"Is it possible?" asked the chamberlain. "I never thought he would be like that! How common he looks! He must have lost his color by seeing so many grand folks here."

"Little nightingale," called the kitchen maid, "our gracious emperor wishes you to sing for him to-night."

"With all my heart," replied the nightingale, as he began to sing again.

"His song sounds like silver bells," said the chamberlain. "It is very strange that we have never heard him before. He will be a great success at court."

"Shall I sing once more for the emperor?" asked the nightingale, for he thought the emperor was among the people there.

"My sweet little nightingale," said the chamberlain, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to appear at court to-night, so that you may delight the emperor with your charming singing."

"My song sounds best in the greenwood," replied the nightingale; but he was quite willing to go when he heard that the emperor wished to hear him.

The Nightingale at the Palace

At the palace everything had been polished and brightened up for the coming of the nightingale. In the center of the great hall where the emperor sat, a golden peach had been fastened to the wall, and there the nightingale was expected to sit. The whole court was present and even the little kitchen maid had permission to stand behind the door.

Soon the nightingale came in through the open window and sat on the golden peach. Then he sang so beautifully that tears came to the emperor's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The emperor was so pleased that he said the nightingale should have his golden slipper to hang from a chain about his neck. But the nightingale only thanked the emperor and said he was well paid by seeing his majesty so happy.

The nightingale was received at court and had a fine cage to live in. He was allowed to take a walk twice a day and once at night. There were twelve footmen who had charge of him and each of them held a silk ribbon that was tied to the nightingale's leg. They held the ribbons so tightly that the poor bird could scarcely walk, and he did not enjoy it at all.

One day some one brought a package to the emperor and on it was written, "The Nightingale."

The emperor took it in his hands and said, "Here is a new book about our wonderful bird."

But it was not a new book.

It was only a toy nightingale that had been made to look like the living one; but it was set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones and so was much more beautiful.

As soon as the toy bird had been wound up, it began to sing one of the songs of the real bird, while its tail moved up and down and sparkled in the light.

"Now the birds must sing together," said the emperor. "What a fine duet it will be!"

So the two birds tried to sing at the same time, but they did not get on well together. The real nightingale sang in his own way and the toy nightingale had to sing just as it had been made to sing.

So the emperor decided that the toy bird should sing alone. It seemed to please the people quite as much as the real bird, and it was much prettier to look at.

It sang the same piece over and over again thirty-one times, and still the people did not become tired of it. Then the emperor thought the living nightingale ought to sing, too, but he was nowhere to be found. No one had noticed that he had flown out through the open window and had gone back to the greenwood.

Years passed by and the emperor, the court, and all the other Chinamen knew by heart every note of the

toy nightingale's song and they could all join in the chorus. In fact, they liked the toy nightingale so well that at last the living one was banished from the land.

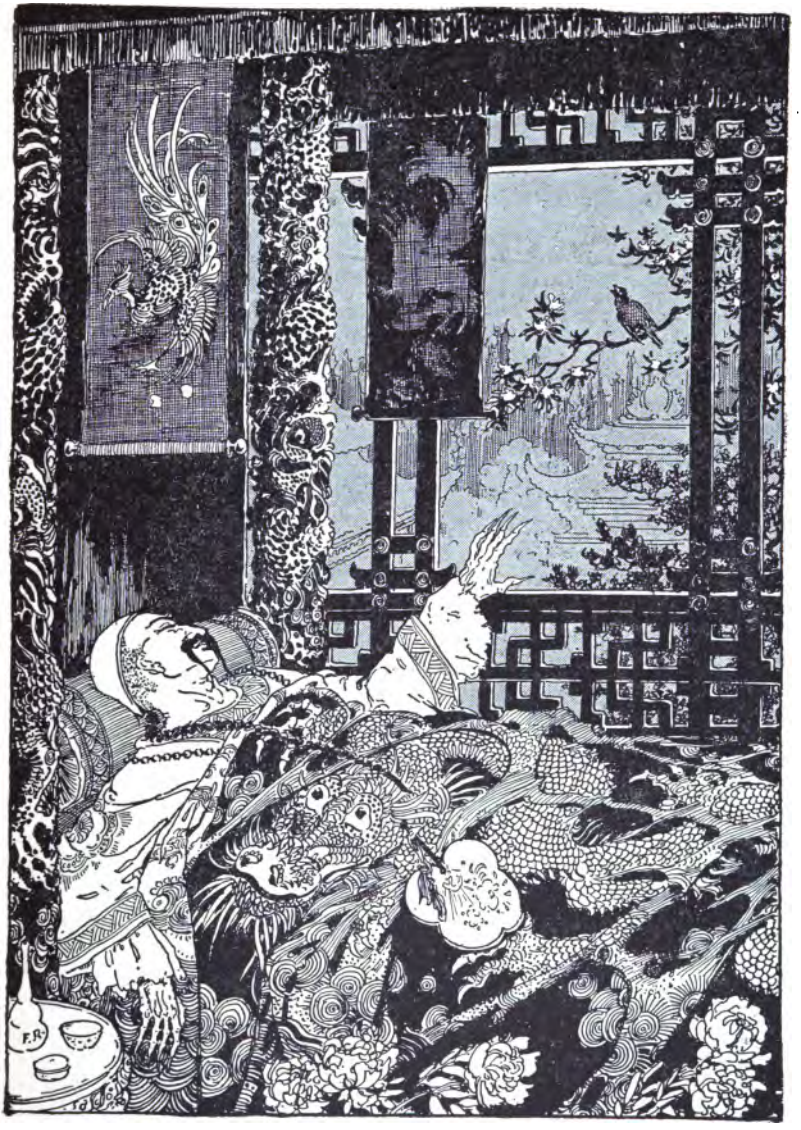
One evening, when the toy nightingale was singing at the top of its voice, and the emperor lay in bed listening to it, something snapped inside the bird. A spring had broken. The wheels went "whir-r-r," around and around, and then the music stopped.

The emperor jumped out of bed and called his physicians, but they could do nothing. So he called the watchmaker, and after he had tried for a long time he succeeded in mending the spring and making the nightingale sing again.

"But," said the watchmaker, "your majesty must not have the bird sing oftener than once a year. It is old and will soon be worn out."

Five years then passed away and the country was in great sorrow, for the emperor was ill and was not expected to live.

One night as the emperor lay on his bed, scarcely able to breathe, he suddenly heard the most lovely song, close to his window. It was the real nightingale, which had come back, and was now sitting on the branch of a tree, where it could see the emperor. The faithful bird had heard of his illness and had come to cheer him with a song of joy and hope.



"Thanks! Thanks!" said the emperor. "You heavenly little bird, I know you well! I banished you from my kingdom, and yet you have come to cheer me when I am ill. How can I ever reward you?"

"You can reward me by getting well again," said the nightingale. "If you will now go to sleep and rest, I will sing to you."

So he sang and the emperor fell into a deep sleep. Oh, how sweet and refreshing that sleep was! When the emperor awoke, he was quite well again, but the nightingale still sang on.

"You must stay with me always," said the emperor. "You shall sing only when you please, and I will break the toy bird into a thousand pieces!"

"Do not do that," said the nightingale. "It has done as well as it could and it is beautiful to look at. I cannot bear to live in the palace. Let me come when I like and I will sit in the tree outside the window in the evening and sing to you.

"I will sing to you about the good and the evil around you, for I go everywhere, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant, and to everyone else, far away from you and your court. I will come and sing to you of them. But you must promise me one thing—do not tell any one that you have a little bird that tells you everything."

Then the nightingale flew away to the greenwood.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

THE SILVER SHILLING

There was once a shilling who came out bright from the mint, and sprang up and rang out, "Hurrah! now I am off into the wide world." And into the wide world he certainly went.

The child held him with soft, warm hands and the miser clutched him in a cold, greedy palm. The old man turned him goodness knows how many times before parting with him; while careless youth rolled him lightly away. The shilling was of silver, and had been a whole year in the world. He had always lived in the country in which he had been coined, but one day he started on his foreign travels. He was the last native coin in the purse of a traveler, who did not know that he had the coin until he came across it by chance.

"Why, here is a shilling from home," said he. "Well, he can make the journey with me."

The shilling rattled and jumped for joy as he was put back into the purse. He lay among strange companions who came and went, each making room for another; but the shilling from home always remained in the purse.

Several weeks passed by, and the shilling had traveled far without knowing exactly where he was, although he learned from the other coins that they were French and Italian. One day they said they were

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in such and such a place, another, that they had reached such and such a town; but the shilling was in the purse and could see nothing at all of the cities and towns through which he was traveling.

One day he noticed that the purse was not shut, so he crept forward to the opening, to take a look around. He ought not to have done so; but he was curious, and people often have to pay for that. He lost his footing and slipped out into the pocket; and when the purse was taken out at night the shilling remained in the pocket and was taken away with the clothes when they were sent to the tailor to be pressed. There the shilling fell upon the floor, but no one heard him fall and no one saw him as he lay there.

When the clothes were carried back to the gentleman next morning, the shilling remained behind; but it was found the next day and put into service again. This is the story he told of his experiences:

"'Away with him! He's bad—no use!' These words went through and through me," said the shilling. "I knew that I sounded well and had been properly coined. These people were certainly mistaken. They could not mean me! But yes, they did mean me. I was the one of whom they said, 'He's bad—he's no good. I must get rid of that fellow in the dark,' said the man who received me; and I was passed at night and abused in the daytime.

"I trembled in the fingers of the holder each time I was to be passed as a coin of the country.

"What a miserable shilling I was! Of what use was my silver to me or my value if all these things were looked on as worthless? In the eyes of the world one has only the value the world chooses to put on him. It must be terrible indeed to have a bad conscience and to live in evil ways, if I, who am quite innocent, can feel so badly because I am thought guilty.

"Every time I was brought out, I shuddered at the thought of the eyes that would look at me; for I knew I would be rejected and flung back upon the table, like a cheat. Once I came into the hands of a poor old woman, to whom I was paid for a hard day's work, and she could not get rid of me at all. No one would accept me, and I was a great worry to her.

" 'I shall certainly be forced to deceive some one with this shilling,' she said; 'for with the best will in the world, I can't keep a false shilling. The rich baker shall have him. He will be able to bear the loss —but it is wrong in me to do it, after all.'

" 'I must lie heavy on that woman's conscience,' sighed I. 'Am I really so much changed in my old age?'

"The woman went her way to the rich baker; but he knew too well the kind of shillings that would pass to take me, and he threw me back at the woman. I felt much ashamed that I should be the cause of

unhappiness to others. In my younger days I had been so proud of my value, too. I now became as miserable as a poor shilling can be, but the woman took me home again, and looked at me with a friendly face, and said:

"'No, I will not cheat any one with you. I shall bore a hole through you so that every one may see that you are a false thing. And yet, perhaps this is a lucky shilling. The thought comes so strongly to me that I am sure it must be true! I will make a hole through the shilling and pass a string through the hole, and hang the coin around the neck of my neighbor's little boy for a lucky shilling.'

The Hole in the Shilling

"So she bored a hole through me. It is not pleasant to have a hole bored through you; but many things can be borne when it is necessary. A thread was passed through the hole, and I became a kind of medal. I was hung around the neck of the little child, who smiled at me and kissed me, and I slept all night on its soft, warm neck.

"When morning came, the child's mother took me up in her fingers and looked at me, and I could feel that she had her own thoughts about me. She brought out a pair of scissors and cut the string.

"'A lucky shilling!' she said. 'Well, we shall soon see about that.'

"She put me in vinegar and I turned quite green. Then she plugged up the hole and carried me in the evening to the lottery shop to buy a lottery ticket that should bring her luck.

"How unhappy I felt! I knew that I should be called false and thrown down before a crowd of shillings and other coins. However, I escaped that disgrace, for there were many people in the shop and the keeper had a great deal to do, so I went rattling down into a box with the other coins. Whether my ticket won anything or not I do not know; but I do know that the very next morning I was called a bad shilling, and sent out to deceive again and again.

"For a year and a day I wandered from hand to hand and from house to house, always abused, always unwelcome, never trusted. I lost confidence in the world and in myself. It was a sad time.

"One day a traveler, a strange gentleman, took me for a good coin, but when he tried to pass me on I heard the old cry of, 'No use—false!'

"'I received it as a good coin,' said the man, and he looked closely at me. Suddenly he smiled all over his face. I had never seen that expression on any face that looked at me before.

"'Why, what is that?' he said. 'That is one of the coins of my own country, a good, honest shilling from home, and they have bored a hole through him, and

they call him false. This is very curious. I must keep him and take him home with me.'

"A thrill of joy passed through me as I heard myself called a good, honest shilling. I was to be taken home, where every one would know me, and be sure that I was real silver. I could have thrown out sparks for very gladness; but after all, it is not in my nature to throw out sparks. It is steel that does that, not silver.

"I was wrapped up in clean white paper, so that I should not become mixed with the other coins and be spent. For several weeks I was carried about in the pocket of the traveler; but the paper was never unwrapped. I could not see where we were going; but it seemed as if we were always going somewhere. However, I did not murmur; for it was better to be shut up there than to be abused by those who tried to pass me. At last I reached home again. All my troubles were ended. Joy came back to me, for I was of good silver, and had the right stamp. I had no more troubles.

"There is no use of complaining. One must wait for the end, and all will be righted at last—that is my belief," said the shilling.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

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THE QUEST

There was once a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes that be.

He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
To the old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

—*Eudora S. Rumstead.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the greatest of American authors, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the fourth of July, 1804. His father was a sea captain, who died while on a long voyage before his son was yet four years of age.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Hawthorne,

with her young son and two daughters, went to live in the home of her brother, who also resided in Salem. Nathaniel was then sent to a private school conducted by Dr. Worcester, the author of Worcester's Dictionary.

The reports sent home from the school gave little information about the lad's studies, but frequently told of his fist-fights with another pupil named John Knights. One day his sister Elizabeth said, "Nathaniel, why do you fight with John Knights so often?"

"I can't help it," replied her brother, "John Knights is a boy of very quarrelsome disposition."

Young Hawthorne was very fond of cats, and once, when he was ill for several weeks, he knitted a pair of socks for the cat to wear.

When Nathaniel was fourteen, his education was interrupted for a time; because his uncle, with whom he and his mother and sisters resided, moved to Maine and took them with him. This life in the wilderness was a delight to the young lad. In a letter to his uncle, who was away from home at the time, he wrote:

"The fences are all finished, and the garden is laid out and planted. I have shot a partridge and a hen-hawk, and caught eighteen large trout out of our brook. I am sorry you intend to send me back to school."

Hawthorne was fond of outdoor exercise. "During the moonlight nights of winter he would skate until

midnight all alone on Sebago Lake. When he found himself far from home and weary from skating, he would sometimes take refuge in a log cabin, where half a tree was burning on the broad hearth."

Some of the pages of Hawthorne's diary, during the time he lived in Maine, are very interesting. Of a ride in a rowboat he wrote: "The owner was kind enough to say that I might go—with my mother's consent—which she gave after much coaxing. Since the loss of my father, she dreads to have any one belonging to her go upon the water."

In another place he wrote:

"Mother is sad and says she will not consent any more to my swimming in the mill pond with the boys, fearing that in sport my mouth might be kicked open and sorrow for a dead son might be added to that for a dead husband. I love to swim, but I shall not disobey my mother."

About an accident at the well, he wrote as follows: "This morning the bucket got off the chain, and dropped back into the well. I wanted to go down on the stones and get it. Mother would not consent, for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shaw to go down. In the goodness of her heart she thought the son of old Mrs. Shaw not quite so good as the son of the widow Hawthorne."

Here is another paragraph from the diary:

"Swapped pocket-knives with Robinson Cook yester-

day. Jacob Dingley says that he cheated me, but I think not, for I cut a fishing pole with it this morning, and did it well. Besides, Robinson is a Quaker, and they never cheat."

The year after this Hawthorne was sent back to Salem to prepare for college. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to his mother: "I have begun to prepare for college under Benjamin Oliver, Lawyer. So you are in great danger of having one learned man in your family.

"Shall you want me to be a minister, a doctor or a lawyer? I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me to be but an author. How would you like to see some day a whole shelf-ful of books written by your son with 'Hathorne's Works' printed on the backs?"

Perhaps you will notice this unusual spelling of the name Hawthorne, which is the way the author's ancestors always spelled the family name; but in early manhood he changed it to Hawthorne, by writing a *w* after the *a*.

Hawthorne wrote many stories about children, among the best of which are *The Snow Image* and *Little Daffydowndilly*. These resemble fairy stories more than stories of real children. The children of which he wrote are only little fairies.

THE SNOW IMAGE

On the afternoon of a cold winter day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked permission of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The older child was a little girl who was called Violet by her parents because she was thought to be very beautiful and had a tender and modest disposition. Her brother was known by the name of Peony on account of his red cheeks, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

The father of the two children was an excellent, but a very matter-of-fact sort of man. He was a dealer in hardware and was accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters. With a heart as tender as other people's, he had a head as hard, and perhaps as empty, as one of the pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a touch of poetry in it, which still kept itself alive amid the duties of motherhood.

So Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, asked their mother for permission to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. It had looked quite dreary as it drifted down from the gray sky, but it looked very cheerful now, because the sun was shining on it.

The children dwelt in a city, and had no place to

play in, except a little garden in front of the house. It was separated from the street by a white fence. A pear tree and two or three plum trees overshadowed it, and rosebushes grew in front of the parlor windows. However, the trees were now leafless, and their twigs were covered with the light snow.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their mother, "you may go out and play in the new-fallen snow."

Accordingly the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and waddy sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them each a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift.

Violet came out of it looking like a snowbird, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. What a merry time they had! To look at them playing in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and bitter storm had been sent for no other purpose than to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony. They looked as if they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over

with handfuls of snow, Violet was struck with a new idea.

"You would look exactly like a snow image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow —an image of a little girl—and she shall be our sister, and she shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes," cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice; and mamma shall see it."

"Yes," answered Violet, "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

The Image

And forthwith the children began the great task of making a snow image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

To tell the truth, if miracles are ever to be done, it will be by putting our hands to work in just such a simple way as Violet and Peony did, without so much

as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother, and she thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold.

She gazed at the children a moment longer, and then resumed her work. However, again and again, she could not help turning to the window to see how the children got on with their snow image.

It was a very pleasant sight, these bright little children at their tasks! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how wisely and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet took charge and told Peony what to do, while with her own delicate fingers she shaped the more difficult parts of the snow figure. In fact, it seemed as if it had not been made by the children, but grew up under their hands while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this, and the longer she looked, the more surprised she became.

"What remarkable children mine are!" thought she, smiling with a mother's pride; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. "What other children could have made anything so like a little girl's figure out of snow at the first trial? Well—but now I must finish Peony's new frock, for his grandfather is coming to-morrow, and I want the little fellow to look handsome."

So she took up the frock and was soon as busily at work again with her needle as the two children were with their snow image. But as the needle traveled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the voices of Violet and Peony.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to make our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet," answered Peony, as he came floundering through the drifts. "Here is the snow for the little bosom. Oh, Violet, how beautiful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet thoughtfully and quietly, "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how delightful it would be if fairies or angel-children were to come from paradise to play with her darlings and help them make their snow image.

"My little boy and girl deserve such playmates, if children ever did," said the mother to herself, as she smiled again at her motherly pride.

Now for a few moments there was a busy hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony worked together. Violet seemed still to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer and brought her the snow from far and near.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet, for her brother was again at the other side of the garden, "bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can climb up on the snowdrift and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet," answered the little boy. "Take care that you do not break them."

"Doesn't she look sweet?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone. "Now we must have some little bits of ice, to make her eyes shine. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Nonsense! come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony, and then he shouted, "Mamma, mamma, mamma! Look out and see what a nice little girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work for an instant and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun—for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year—had sunk so nearly to the edge of the world that his setting ray came into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled and could not distinctly see what

was in the garden. However, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden that had a human likeness?

She saw Violet and Peony still at work, Peony bringing fresh snow and Violet patting it on the figure as a sculptor adds clay to his model. The mother said to herself that never before was a snow figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she calmly. "No wonder they make better snow images."

She sat down to her work and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened whenever she could catch a word. She was amused because they seemed to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

The New Playmate

"What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold. Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, "and I shall hug her, and she shall sit down close by me and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh, no, Peony," answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow people like her eat nothing but icicles."

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out loudly and joyfully:

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables deliberately. "Oh, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet with calmness, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red; redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them."

Accordingly, the mother heard two little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow image on its

frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, little snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There, she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried: "Mamma, mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus urged, could not longer delay to look from the window. And what do you think she saw? Violet and Peony, of course, her own darling children. Yes, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will only believe me, there was the small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinted cheeks and golden ringlets, playing about the garden with the two children.

Although she was a stranger, the child seemed to be on familiar terms with Violet and Peony, as if the three had been playmates during the whole of their short lives. The mother thought that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, who, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, had come across the street to play with them. So the kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor. Now that the sun had gone down, the air out of doors was already growing very cold.

But after opening the door, she stood an instant on the threshold, trying to decide whether she should ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it was a real child after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the cold west wind. There was certainly something very strange in the appearance of the little stranger.

Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, it was such as no sensible woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver to look at those small feet with nothing in the world on them except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, the child did not seem to feel the least bit of cold, but

danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface.

Once in the course of their play the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and, taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling cold, while Violet also released herself, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. All this while the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet and whispered, "Why, Violet, my darling, what is that child's name? Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not understand so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister whom we have just been making."

At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the air. As was natural, they avoided Violet and Peony, but flew at once to the white-robed child. They fluttered about her head, alighted on her shoulders and seemed to claim her as an old friend.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight, for they enjoyed the merry time with the birds.

F.R.

"Violet," said her mother, in great astonishment, "tell me the truth. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking up, "I have told you the truth. It is our little snow image, which Peony and I have just been making."

The Return of the Children's Father

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was flung open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too. He soon noticed the little white stranger sporting to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow wraith and a flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired the very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony,"

she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow image, which they have been busy about in the garden all the afternoon."

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense," cried the father, half vexed. "Run into the house this minute! It is too late to play any longer now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-of-cold!"

At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him.

"Come, you odd little thing," cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand. "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frostbitten. But we shall make it all right. Come along in."

"Now she will be comfortable," cried he, rubbing his hands and looking pleasantly about him. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad and drooping looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once she threw a glance wistfully towards the windows, and caught a glimpse of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity

of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were urging her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping before the hot stove.

But the common-sense man saw nothing amiss. "For my part," said he, "I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

Turning up the collar of his coat over his ears, he went from the house, but he had hardly reached the street gate when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony and by the rapping of a thimbled finger on the parlor window.

"Husband, husband!" cried the wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

In the utmost perplexity, he turned back and demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she could find no trace of the little white maiden, unless it was the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she gazed at it, melted quite away on the hearth rug. "And there you see all that is left of it," added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he was like a flower. He loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good person who had done more good, both to children and to grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories are true, he had lived upon the earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil was very severe and ugly looking, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle. His voice was also harsh, and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our little friend Daffydowndilly.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with an awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play. Now he punished a whole class of boys who had not learned their lessons.

In fact, unless a lad chose to keep his eyes on his book all day long, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Before this time, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. It was no wonder that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-faced schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were made only to learn lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother. At any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a very sober man, who was trudging slowly along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but with a bit of kindness in it. "Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a very truthful little boy and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but at last said that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil. He was trying to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together. I, also, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age. Then he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's offer, and they walked on very pleasantly together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun

to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass. He thought it would be much pleasanter to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and forever scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he did not give himself a moment to rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were just the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been entering his schoolroom.

F.R

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who is a farmer. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but he was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone only a little farther when they came to a place where some carpenters were building a house.

Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for he liked to watch the carpenters do their work. They used their axes, saws, planes and hammers, fitting the doors and the windows, and nailing on the clapboards. He could not help thinking that he should like to take an axe, a saw, a plane and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. When he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to disturb him.

While he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly saw something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling.

"There he is with the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger turned his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger, and saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house. He measured pieces of timber and marked out work that was to be done, and urged the other carpenters to keep at their work. Wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled face, the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed harder than ever.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who is a carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," whispered Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

The Soldiers and the Merrymakers

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a fife and drum. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and asked his companion to hurry forward, so they might not miss seeing the soldiers. So they made as much haste as they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with bright muskets on their shoulders.

In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main. They made such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. "If I was only a soldier!" he said to himself, "old Mr. Toil would never dare to look me in the face."

"Right! Left! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great fear; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded exactly the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, from Mr. Toil's own mouth. Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself. A smart cap with a feather was on his head. A pair of gold epaulets was on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash around his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand.

And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger; "this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on their journey. By and by, they came to a house by the roadside where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

"Oh, let us stop here!" cried he to his companion. "Mr. Toil would never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

Before these last words had died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue, he happened to turn his eyes on the fiddler. Whom should he see again but Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, as if he had been a fiddler all his life. He had the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster. Daffydowndilly even thought that he nodded and winked at him and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing a fiddle?"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but another brother of his who was brought up in France where he learned to play the fiddle. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who know him best think he is more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Let us go on a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

So the stranger and Daffydowndilly wandered along the highway, in shady lanes and through pleasant villages. But wherever they went, there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor. If they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage and also found his way into the finest mansions.

Everywhere there was sure to be somebody with the likeness of Mr. Toil. The stranger said it was only another of Mr. Toil's brothers.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death when he saw some people lying in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child begged his companion to permit him to sit down and rest.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he, "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But before he finished speaking, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest of all the lazy people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," said the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers who has come from sunny Italy. He pretends to lead an easy life, but he is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back! Take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I might just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is. There is the schoolhouse," said the stranger.

Although he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school," he added.

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered. It was strange he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into the stranger's face, he saw again the likeness of old Mr. Toil.

So the poor child had been in the company of Mr. Toil all day and had not known it. He had done his best to run away from Mr. Toil, but he had gone with him everywhere.

Some people to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story think that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and could make himself into as many persons as he liked. For my part, I never could tell what to think. But, if Mr. Toil cannot change himself into several persons at the same time, he certainly must have a good many brothers; for I see some one who looks like him everywhere I go.

Little Daffydowndilly had at last learned a good lesson, and he never ran away from school again. From that time he worked very hard, was always ready to learn his lessons, because he knew that work was not more disagreeable than sport or idleness.

When he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, after all. Besides, the old schoolmaster's smile of approval sometimes made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

JIM CROW

Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why is it you always go
With a gloomy coat of black
The year long on your back?
Why don't you change its hue,
At least for a day or two,
To red or green or blue?
And why do you always wear
Such a sober, sombre air,
As glum as the face of Care?
I wait for your reply,
  And into the peaceful pause
There comes your curious, croaking cry,—
  "Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why, when the farmers sow,
And the corn springs up in the row,
And the days that once were brief
Grow long, and laugh into leaf,
Do you play the rascally thief?
I can see by the look in your eye,—
Wary and wise and sly,—

That you know the code in vogue;
Why will you, then, oh, why,
Persist in the path of the rogue?
I hearken for your reply,
And into the empty pause
There rings your graceless, grating cry,—
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

And say, Jim Crow,
With all the lore you know,—
Lore of the wood and field,
Lore of the clouds, and the clear
Depths of the atmosphere,
To our duller ken concealed,—
Why is it you ever speak
With a mingled squawk and squeak?

You, with your talents all,
And your knowledge of this and that,
Why must you sing like a squall,
And talk like a perfect "flat"?
I listen for your reply,
But in the lapse and the pause
All I hear is your impudent cry,—
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE STORY OF TROUBLE

There were once two brothers. One was rich and the other was poor. Everything Ivan, the rich brother, did brought him luck; but Peter, the poor brother, grew poorer and poorer.

Ivan went to live in the city and became a great merchant. Peter toiled early and late, but in spite of all his labor he remained so poor that there was not even a crust of bread in the house to feed his hungry children.

One day Peter went to his rich brother in the town and said, "Brother, give me a handful of bread for my starving family."

"I will give you bread," said Ivan, "if you will work for me all of this week."

So Peter worked for Ivan all that week, and when Saturday night came, he received a piece of money and a loaf of bread.

He was about to set out for home when his brother called to him to stay.

"Brother," he said, "to-day is my birthday. To-night my friends will come and feast with me. Don't hurry away. Wait until evening and help us to make merry."

Peter would have liked to hurry home with the bread for his children, but he did not wish to displease his brother; so he said, "Thank you, brother, I will stay to the feast."

When evening came, the rich brother's house was filled with the great men of the city. The poor brother in his ragged clothes sat in the farthest corner of the dining hall; but no one noticed him or gave him any of the dainties of the feast.

At last, the merry guests departed, and Peter also set out for home as hungry as before. The night was dark and the road was lonely, so he began to sing to cheer himself as he trudged along.

Suddenly he stopped singing, for he had heard some one behind him singing the same tune. But when he stopped singing, the other stopped, too. So Peter began to sing again, and the one who followed also began again.

The poor man was very much afraid. He called in a trembling voice, "Who is singing?"

Instantly a monster came from the darkness and stood before him. Even in that dim light, Peter could see how ugly the creature was.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Trouble," replied the monster, "and I have come to help you sing."

"Come on, then," said Peter, for he was anxious to get away from such a lonely place.

"So I will!" shrieked the monster, as he leaped upon Peter's shoulders.

The poor man tried to shake him off; but Trouble

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clung tightly with his long arms and legs. So Peter had to carry Trouble with him, although he had hardly strength enough to drag one leg after the other.

The monster sang all the time and beat Peter with a stick he carried in his hand. At last, they reached home and found the poor wife and children hungry and in tears.

The bread that Peter had brought satisfied the hunger of his family for a day. The piece of money he had received bought food for the next day. Then they were as hungry as ever.

Trouble ate more than anybody else, and he beat Peter with his club and demanded more food as soon as everything had been eaten.

Now in Peter's field a treasure had been buried for many years, and at last he went in search of it. In a little while he found the spot where the treasure lay, but it was covered with a stone too heavy for him to lift.

When Trouble saw that Peter could never lift the stone alone, he jumped down from his back and helped him to raise it.

Together they lifted the stone; beneath it they found a dark cave with something shining at the bottom of it. Peter was afraid to go into the cave, so Trouble offered to go.

"Hurrah! master," he called as soon as he had reached the bottom. "Here are riches that cannot be

counted. Here are twenty jars of gold, all standing in a row!"

Trouble handed up one of the jars and Peter took it and stood it safely on the ground. Then he let the stone fall back into its place and shut Trouble in the cave with the gold. Peter took the jarful of gold and hurried home as fast as he could. The jar was very heavy and he had to rest after every half dozen steps.

With the money in the jar he was able to buy plenty of food for his family. He also bought new plows and harrows, besides cattle and sheep. He worked hard all that year, and before the end of it, he had saved enough money to build a new house in place of the little hut where he had always lived. Then he invited his rich brother to come to the house-warming.

"How is this?" asked Ivan. "A little while ago you did not have a crust to eat, and now you ask me to come to a feast."

"That is true," replied Peter. "Not long ago we were starving, but now, thank God, I am as rich as you."

The next day, Ivan went out into the country to visit his poor brother. He saw his fine new house, his barns full of grain, and all his sheep and cattle.

When the feast was ready, Ivan asked, "Peter, how did you happen to grow so rich?"

Then Peter told Ivan of his meeting with Trouble and of how he had found the treasure.

Ivan, filled with envy, said to himself, "This brother of mine is a fool. Out of twenty jars he took only one. I shall go and get the other nineteen for myself."

Soon Ivan bade his brother good-by and left, but instead of going home, he went to look for the treasure. In a little while he found the spot and tried to lift the stone; but the stone was too heavy.

However, he managed to move it a little to one side, so that he could peep into the cave, and before he could draw his head back again, Trouble had slipped out and fastened himself upon Ivan's shoulders.

"A fine fellow you are!" he shrieked to Ivan! "You wanted to starve me to death in there, but you shall not get rid of me again soon!"

"You stupid fellow!" cried Ivan. "It was not I who put you under that stone. It was my brother. Go and torment him."

"No, it is a lie!" shouted Trouble. "You fooled me once, but you shall not do so again!"

So the rich brother carried Trouble home with him and was unhappy all his days. But his brother, who once was poor, now had enough for himself and his family, and he was contented and happy.

—*Russian Fairy Tale.*

THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

One summer morning a little tailor sat on his table by the window, sewing with all his might. Soon a woman came down the street.

"Good jams for sale! Good jams for sale!" she called.

The cry sounded pleasant to the tailor's ears, and he stretched his head out of the window.

"Come up here, dear woman," he said. "Here you will sell your goods."

The woman thought that she had found a good customer, so she hurried up the tailor's steps and unpacked all her pots of jam for him to look at. The tailor looked closely at the jars, and lifted them one after another to his nose.

"The jam seems good, my dear woman," he said at last; "so weigh me out four ounces, and I will take it."

The woman, who had hoped to find a good sale, gave him what he asked and went away grumbling.

"Now God bless this jam to my use, and give me health and strength," cried the little tailor.

As he said that, he took a loaf of bread from the cupboard, cut off a piece and spread the jam over it.

"That will taste good," said he; "but I will hurry and finish this jacket before I take a bite of it."

He laid the bread on the table and went on with his sewing. Soon a swarm of flies came to devour the jam.

"Hello! Who asked you to eat?" asked the little tailor, as he drove away the unwelcome guests.

But the flies would not give up their feast; as often as the tailor drove them away, they returned to the bread and jam. At last he picked up a piece of cloth and struck at them. When he drew the cloth away seven dead flies lay on the table.

"Hey! That is the kind of fellow I am!" said the tailor, for he could not help praising his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this!"

Then he cut himself a girdle of bright colored cloth and sewed on it in golden letters "Seven at one blow."

Without waiting to eat his bread and jam, the little tailor put on his girdle and went out into the street; for he now found his workshop too small for him. Before he left, he looked about the room to see if there was anything worth taking with him. He found nothing, however, but an old cheese, which he put into his pocket. As he went from the yard, he saw a bird that was caught in a hedge, and he put that into his pocket with the cheese.

The little tailor took the road that led over a mountain. When he reached its highest point, he saw a big giant sitting by the roadside.

"Good day, my friend," said the little tailor. "You can see the whole world from here, can't you?"

"You rag-bag!" said the giant. "You little snipe!"

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"Oh, indeed!" answered the little tailor, as he unbuttoned his coat, and showed the giant his girdle. "There you may read what kind of man I am!"

The giant read, "Seven at one blow," and thought they had been men that the tailor had killed. That gave him a little respect for the tiny fellow. He wished, however, to try the little man's strength; so he took a stone in his hand and squeezed it until the water dropped out of it.

"Have you strength enough to do that?" asked the giant.

"Is that all?" said the tailor. "That is only child's play for me." Then he put his hand into his pocket, brought out the soft cheese, and squeezed it until the milk ran out of it.

"That's a little better than you can do, I think," said the little tailor.

The giant did not know what to say, for he could not believe that the little man was so strong. To make quite sure, he picked up a stone and threw it so high into the air that it was a long time before it came down again.

"Now, my little man, do that, if you can," said the giant.

"That is a good throw," replied the tailor; "but I shall throw one that will never come down."

The little tailor put his hand into his pocket, took

out the bird, and threw it into the air. The bird flew straight up and was soon out of sight.

"How do you like that?" asked the tailor.

"You can throw well enough," replied the giant. "Now see if you can carry as much as I can."

He led the little tailor to an oak tree that he had cut down. "If you are strong enough," he said, "help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"All right," said the tailor. "You take the trunk on your shoulder, and I will carry the top, which is the largest end."

The giant took the trunk on his shoulder and the tailor seated himself on one of the branches. In this way the giant carried the tree and also the tailor.

When the giant had carried the heavy tree as long as he was able, he stood still.

"I shall have to let the tree fall," he called out.

At once, the little tailor jumped down and caught the tree in his arms, as if he had been carrying it.

"You are such a big fellow," he said; "but you can not even carry a tree!"

Then the giant and the tailor went on together. As they passed a cherry tree, the giant took hold of the top of it and bent it down so that the tailor could reach the cherries. But the tailor was far too weak to hold the tree, and when the giant let go, it sprang up into the air, carrying the little tailor with it. He went

clear over the top of it and landed on the other side.

"How is this?" asked the giant. "Have you not strength enough to hold such a twig as this?"

"Do you think I could not hold this tree?" asked the tailor. "I leaped over the top of it because the huntsman was shooting this way, and I was afraid he would hit me. I will bet you can not jump over the tree."

The giant tried but he could not jump over it.

"If you are such a strong fellow," he said, "come with me to the giants' cave and spend the night there."

In the giants' cave were many other giants, who sat around the fire, eating roast sheep. The giant showed the tailor the bed on which he was to sleep, and the little man pretended to lie down. But he only went and hid in a dark corner.

At midnight the giant came to the bed and broke it in pieces with an iron bar. "Now I have finished that little fellow," he said as he walked away.

When the tailor awoke the next morning, the cave was empty, for all the giants had gone to the woods. He boldly followed them, however; and when they saw him coming, they were afraid and ran away.

The little tailor went on to the next town. As he was tired from his journey, he lay down to rest by the roadside and soon fell asleep, While he lay there,

the people, who came to look at him, read the words on his girdle, "Seven at one blow."

"What a great soldier he must be!" they said.

Some one went to tell the king of their discovery. So the king came with his soldiers and begged the little tailor to be a general in his army.

The tailor promised to do as the king asked; but the king and his soldiers were afraid of a man who could kill "seven at one blow." At last, the king thought of a way to get rid of him.

In a forest not far off lived two giants who were killing the people and burning their houses. The king called the tailor to him and said:

"If you will kill the two giants, I will give you half of my kingdom, and my daughter for your wife."

"That would be a fine thing for me," thought the tailor. "One is not offered a princess and half a kingdom every day in the week."

"Oh, yes," he replied to the king, "I will soon make an end of the giants. I have killed seven with one blow, so I am not afraid of two."

The little tailor took one hundred horsemen and went to the edge of the forest.

"Wait here," said he to the horsemen, "while I go to look for the giants."

So the horsemen remained at the edge of the forest, while the tailor went in among the trees, looking for

the giants. He had not gone far when he came upon both of them. They were sleeping under a tree and snoring so loudly that the branches waved up and down.

The little tailor filled his pockets with stones and climbed up into the tree. Then he threw the stones down on one of the sleeping giants. This soon aroused the giant from his sleep.

"Why are you hitting me?" he called to his companion.

"You must be dreaming," said the other giant. "I am not hitting you."

As soon as they had gone to sleep again, the tailor dropped another stone on the giant.

"How dare you hit me!" he shrieked, as he sprang to his feet and grabbed hold of the other giant.

So the two giants began to fight, and they were very soon in such a rage that they tore up trees and hit each other with them. At last, both fell down dead. Then the tailor leaped down beside them.

"It is a lucky thing," thought he, "that they did not root up the tree in which I was sitting."

The brave little man now drew his sword and gave each of the giants a thrust in the breast. Then he went to the horsemen.

"My task is ended," he said. "I have finished both of the giants; but it was hard work. They tore up trees in trying to defend themselves, but they could not escape from a man who had killed seven at one blow."

"But are you not wounded?" asked the horsemen.

"Certainly not," replied the tailor, as he led them to the place where the dead giants lay.

Then the tailor went back to the king and claimed his reward. In a little while he married the king's daughter and received half of the kingdom.

—Grimm Brothers.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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ROBINSON CRUSOE

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York. Being the third son of the family and not knowing any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father had given me opportunities for learning in a public school, and had intended me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing except going to sea.

My father was a wise and sensible man. He gave me excellent advice against what he saw was my plan. One morning he called me into his room and talked earnestly with me upon the subject. He urged me not to hurry myself into miseries from which my position in life protected me.

While my father was talking, I saw tears run down his face, and when he spoke of my having leisure to repent when none could help me, he said his heart was so full he could say no more. I was so much troubled by what he told me that I made up my mind not to think of going away, but to stay at home as my father wished. But alas! a few weeks later I changed my mind and decided to run away.

One day I was at Hull with a companion who was about to sail to London in his father's ship. He urged me to go with him and said that it should cost me nothing for my passage. So I consulted neither father

nor mother, nor so much as sent them any word of my journey, but left them to hear of it as they might; and on the first of September, 1651, I went on board the ship bound for London.

No young man's misfortunes began sooner or lasted longer than mine. The ship was no sooner out of the harbor than the wind began to blow and the waves rose in a most frightful manner. As I had never been at sea before, I was sick in body and terrified in mind. I now began to think seriously of what I had done and of my folly in leaving my father's house.

The storm lasted for several days, and all the while the storm increased until the waves were very high. I expected every wave would swallow us up, and every time the ship fell down in the trough or hollow of the sea, I thought we should never rise again. In my fear I promised that if it pleased God to spare my life on this voyage, and permit me to set my feet upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set foot in a ship again as long as I lived.

By this time the storm had become terrible, and I now began to see fear and terror in the faces of the seamen. I could hear the captain say softly to himself, "Lord, be merciful to us; we shall all be lost! We shall all be drowned!"

But the worst had not yet come. The storm continued with such fury that the seamen said they had

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never known a worse one. In the middle of the night one of the men cried out that the ship had sprung a leak. Another said there were four feet of water in the hold; and then all hands were called to the pumps. One of the men came to me and said that I had been able to do nothing before, but now I was as well able to pump as the others. So I went to the pump and worked very heartily.

We worked on, but the water increased in the hold, and we knew that the ship would soon sink. A ship that was anchored just ahead of us sent a small boat to help us, but the sea was so rough that the boat could not come near us. However, our men cast them a rope and hauled the boat close enough for all of us to get aboard.

After we were in their boat, it was impossible to think of reaching their ship, so we let her drive, and pulled towards the shore as much as we could. In less than a quarter of an hour, we saw our ship sink, but at last, after great difficulty, we all got safely on shore and walked to Yarmouth, where we were treated very kindly by the people. We were given food and enough money to pay for our passage to London or back to Hull, as we thought best.

If I now had had the sense to go back to Hull, and thence to my home, I should have been happy; but, having some money in my pocket, I traveled to London by land, to look for a voyage on another ship.

It was my good fortune to fall in with good company in London, which does not always happen to such unguided youths as I was. I became acquainted with the master of a ship that had sailed to the coast of Guinea. As he had had good luck there, he had decided to go there again. He told me if I should go on the voyage with him, I should be at no expense, and I accepted the offer.

Crusoe Goes to Sea Again

The captain and I soon became good friends. He taught me how to keep an account of the ship's course, and to understand such things as were useful to a sailor. He took delight in teaching me and I took delight in learning; and this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant. I brought home five pounds and nine ounces of gold dust, which I sold in London for almost three hundred pounds.

Soon after our arrival in London, my friend the captain died; but I embarked on the same ship with him who had been the mate on the other voyage. This was the most unhappy voyage that ever was made.

While our ship was sailing between the Canary Islands and Africa, she was captured by Turkish pirates, who made slaves of the crew. I was kept by the captain, but the others were sold. My master took me home with him, so I was in hopes he would

take me with him when he went to sea again. I thought he would sooner or later be captured by a Spanish or a Portuguese man-of-war and that then I should be set at liberty.

But this hope of mine was soon taken away, for when he went to sea he left me on shore to look after his garden and do the work of a slave about his house. When my master was home, he often took the ship's boat and went to the outer harbor to fish. He always took me and a young Moor named Xury with him to row the boat; and I was so skillful in catching fish, that sometimes he sent me with one of his kinsmen and Xury to catch the fish for him.

Once when I was fishing with my master, there came such a thick fog that we lost sight of the shore. We rowed without knowing our way all day and all the next night. When morning came, we found we had pulled out to sea and were at least ten miles from land. However, we reached the shore again after much labor, but we were all very hungry.

My master decided to take better care of himself in the future, and made up his mind not to go a-fishing any more without a compass and some provisions. So he ordered the carpenter of his ship to build a little cabin in the middle of the boat, where he stored some bread, rice, and water.

One night my master sent on board a larger store of

provisions than was his custom, besides three small guns with powder and shot. He told me he had some visitors who were going with him to fish and hunt for waterfowl. But the next morning my master came and said his guests were not yet ready to go and ordered me to go with the Moor and Xury to catch some fish for dinner.

In a moment the hope of deliverance came into my mind, for now I had a little ship at my command. So we sailed out in the harbor to fish. After we had fished for some time and caught nothing (for when I had fish on my hook, I would not pull them up), I said to the Moor, "This will not do. Our master must have his fish. Let us go farther from the shore."

He suspected no harm, so he set the sails and we sailed about a mile farther out. Then I stepped forward to where the Moor was sitting and stooped as if I were reaching for something behind him, and so caught him up in my arms and tossed him overboard into the sea. He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and begged to be taken in. He told me he would go all over the world with me. He swam so well he had almost reached the boat, when I took up one of the fowling-pieces and told him I should shoot if he came any nearer.

"You swim well enough to reach the shore," said I. "The sea is calm. Make the best of your way to the shore and I will do you no harm. But if you come any

nearer, I'll shoot you through the head, for I am determined to have my liberty."

So he turned about and swam for the shore, and I have no doubt that he reached it, for he was an excellent swimmer. I should have been content to take the Moor with me, but I could not trust him. As soon as he was gone I turned to Xury and said:

"Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I will make you a great man. But if you will not swear this by Mahomet and your father's beard, I must throw you into the sea, also."

The boy smiled in my face and spoke so innocently that I could not mistrust him. He swore to be faithful to me, and to go all over the world with me.

The wind continued fair till I had sailed for five days. Then I ventured to seek the coast and came to anchor in the mouth of a little river, I know not what nor where. I neither saw nor wished to see any people. The principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into the stream in the evening, intending to swim to the shore as soon as it was dark. But as soon as it was quite dark, we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures of many kinds, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged me not to go on shore till day.

"Well, Xury," said I, "we won't go; but by day we may see men as bad as these lions."

"Then we will give them the shot-gun," said Xury, "and make them run away." Xury had learned to speak some English from the slaves he had known.

We dropped our anchor and lay still until morning, but we could not sleep because of the noise on shore. As soon as it began to grow light, we saw vast creatures running into the water for the pleasure of cooling themselves. Xury was dreadfully frightened, and so was I; but we were both more frightened when we saw one of the mighty creatures swimming towards our boat. Xury said it was a lion, and it might be for all I knew. He cried for me to pull up the anchor and go away, and then I saw that the creature was within two oars' length. I immediately took my gun and fired at him, upon which he turned about and swam towards the shore again.

But it is impossible to describe the terrible noises and cries that were raised upon the report of the gun, and I am sure these wild creatures had never heard that sound before. Fortunately they soon went away.

Xury said that if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would try to find some water and bring it to me. I asked him why he should go, and why I should not go, and he stay in the boat.

"If wild mans come, they eat me and you go away," replied Xury.

"Well, Xury," said I, "we will both go, and if the

wild mans come, we will kill them. They shall kill neither of us."

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, for fear that savages in canoes would come down the river. But the boy, seeing a low place about a mile from the shore, hurried to it. By and by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was being pursued by savages or frightened by wild animals, and I ran forward to help him. But when I came nearer to him, I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature like a rabbit that he had shot. We were very glad to get it, for it was good meat. Xury told me he had found good water and had seen no wild men.

We afterwards found that we need not have taken so much trouble to get water, for a little farther up, the water of the creek was fresh when the tide was out.

Late that day we set sail, and after many days we were picked up by a Portuguese ship that carried us to Brazil, where I sold the boat and all that it contained for about two hundred and twenty pieces of eight. Then I went on shore, but Xury remained on the ship with the captain.

Crusoe's Third Voyage

I had not been long in Brazil when some merchants told me they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to

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Guinea, and I was persuaded to go with them. Accordingly, the ship was fitted out and all things made ready. I went on board in an evil hour, on the first of September—being the same day of the year as that on which I had gone away from home eight years before.

Our ship was of about one hundred and twenty tons burden. She carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. The very day I went on board we set sail for the African coast. We had good weather for several days, but at last a hurricane overtook us, and for twelve days we could do nothing but drive before the wind. Every day during that time I expected the ship would be swallowed up, nor were there any others on the ship who expected to save their lives.

One man died of fever and one man and the boy were washed overboard. About the twelfth day the storm abated a little, and the captain made an observation and found that we had been driven far out of our course. Early next morning, while the wind was still blowing very hard, one of the men cried out, "Land!" and we all ran out of the cabin to see where we were. But just at that instant the ship struck fast upon the sand, and the sea broke over her in such a manner that we were almost washed overboard. We were driven back into the cabin to find shelter from the foam and spray of the sea.

Only those who have had such an experience can understand what our feelings were. We did not know upon what land we had been driven. We did not know whether it was an island or the mainland, or whether it was inhabited or uninhabited. As the fury of the wind was still very great, we could not so much as hope that the ship would not soon break to pieces. We sat there looking one upon another, expecting death every moment. Every man acted as if he were preparing for another world, for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this.

There was a lifeboat fastened at the stern, but it had been broken by being dashed against the rudder. We had another boat on board, but how to get her into the sea was another matter. However, there was no time to wait, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she had broken already.

So the mate of our vessel took hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, got her over the ship's side. Then we all got into it, being eleven in number, and committed ourselves to God's mercy and the wild sea.

Now our case was very bad, indeed, for we saw plainly that the sea was so rough that the boat could not keep afloat, and we should all be drowned. We had no sail, and if we had we could not have used it.

So we worked at the oars, with heavy hearts, like men going to their death; for we all knew that when we came nearer the shore, the boat would be dashed into a thousand pieces. However, the wind drove us towards the shore, and we hastened our destruction with our own hands, by pulling as well as we could towards the land.

After we had rowed for about a mile and a half, a wave as high as a mountain came rolling in and upset the boat and swallowed us up in a moment. Though I swam very well, I could not free myself from the water so as to draw breath till the wave had carried me a vast way towards the shore, and then went back and left me upon the land, but half dead from the water I had swallowed. Soon I saw another wave coming, as high as a great hill, and I found I could not avoid it. I could only hold my breath and try to raise myself upon the water, and so by swimming steer myself towards the shore. My great fear now was that the waves that had carried me a great way towards the shore, might carry me back with them when they went back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me twenty or thirty feet deep, and I could feel myself carried with mighty swiftness towards the shore. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when my head and hands shot out above the surface of the water. I stood

still a few minutes to recover my breath and get the water out of my lungs, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But this would not save me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last of these two came near being fatal to me. The sea, having carried me along as before, dashed me against a rock with such force that it left me senseless and helpless. If my breath had not returned immediately, I should have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and held fast to the rock until they went back.

Then I made another short run, which brought me so near the shore, that although the next wave went over me, it did not swallow me up or carry me away. My next run carried me to the mainland, where I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down on the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed safe on shore, and thanked God that my life was saved. As for my comrades, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not mates.

I began to look about me to see what kind of place I was in and what was next to be done. My comfortable thoughts soon left me, for I found that I was in a dreadful state. I was wet, and had no clothes to change to, nor anything either to eat or drink. I could see no hope of anything, except perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. My greatest concern was because I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creatures for food, or to defend myself from any other creatures that might desire to kill me for theirs.

In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box, and this threw me into such a terrible state of mind that for a time I ran about like a madman.

Night was coming on, and I began to fear what would be my lot if there were any fierce beasts in that country, since they always come out at night for their prey. The only thing I could do for my protection was to climb up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but full of thorns. There I determined to sit all night, and decide next day what death I should die, for I could see no hope of living there.

So I walked a short distance from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. Then I went to the tree, and getting

up into it, endeavored to place myself so that I should not fall if I fell asleep. So I took up my lodging, and, being very tired, I soon fell asleep and slept as soundly as few could have done in my condition.

When I awoke, it was broad daylight, and the storm had ended. What surprised me most was that the ship had been lifted off the sand in the night, and had been driven almost as far as the rock against which I had been dashed. The ship seemed to stand upright still, and as it was only about a mile from the shore, I wished myself on board so that I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I saw was the boat, which lay upon the shore, about two miles away where the wind and sea had tossed it. I walked as far as I could to get to her, but found that I should have to cross a creek or inlet of water about half a mile wide, so I had to turn back.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide so low that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. Here my grief came back again; for I saw that if we had kept on board, we should all have reached the shore safely, and I should not be left without comfort and company as I now was. This brought tears to my eyes, but that did little good, and I resolved to get to the ship if possible.

I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship, my great difficulty was to know how to get on board. The ship lay aground and high out of the water, so there was nothing within reach to lay hold of. I swam around her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope hanging down from the fore-chains. This was so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it and so climbed up into the ship.

I found that the ship was bulged, and had a good deal of water in the hold, but the stern lay on a bank of hard sand, which lifted it up and kept that part of the ship dry. All the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very hungry, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit and ate as I went about looking for other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish me with many things which I saw would be very necessary to me.

It was vain to sit and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards and two or three large pieces of wood and a spare topsail or two in the ship; so I fell to work with these and flung them over-board, tying every one with a rope so it might not drift away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, tied four of them together at both ends in the form of a raft. Laying two or three

short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well; but it would not bear any great weight, for the pieces of wood were too light. So I went to work with the carpenter's saw and cut a topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft with a great deal of pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was to decide what to load it with, and how to protect what I had from the surf. First I laid upon it all the planks or boards that I could get. Then I got three of the seamen's chests, which I emptied and lowered down to the raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, including bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, and some barley which we had for the fowls that we had aboard.

While I was doing this, the tide began to flow, and I had the misfortune to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, swim away. This set me to hunting for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I needed at present. It was after long searching that I found the carpenter's chest, which was a very useful prize and much more valuable to me than a shipload of gold would have been at the time. I got it down to my raft without losing any time, for I knew what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms.

There were two very good fowling-pieces in the cabin, and two pistols, which I secured with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder on the ship, but did not know where our gunner had stowed them. However, after a long search, I found them. Two of them were dry, but the third had taken water. I got these two down to the raft, with the arms. And now I began to think how I should get my raft to shore, having neither sail, oar nor rudder, and the least wind would have upset my cargo.

There were three things to encourage me: the sea was smooth, the tide was rising and setting in towards the shore, and the wind blew towards the land. So having found two or three broken oars, I put to sea with my cargo. For a mile or so the raft went very well, only I found it drifted a little from the place where I landed before as if the sea were setting in to the land. This made me think that there might be a river or creek which I could use as a port to land my cargo.

It was as I imagined. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found the tide setting strongly into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I came near having a second shipwreck, which I think would have broken my heart. Knowing nothing of the coast,

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one end of the raft ran aground upon a shoal, and my cargo almost slipped off into the water. I set my back against the chests to keep them in their places, but could not push off the raft with all my strength. A little later the water rose enough to float my raft, and I pushed her off with the oar I had.

At length I found myself in the mouth of a small river, with land on both sides and a strong current running in. I looked on both sides for a suitable place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too far up the river. I hoped in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore intended to place myself as near the coast as possible.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great labor and difficulty I guided my raft. I was now so near the shore that I could reach ground with my oar. But here I nearly dipped my cargo in the sea again, for the shore being pretty steep, if one end ran on shore, it would lie so high and the other end so low that it would endanger my cargo.

All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, holding my raft with an oar like an anchor. Near by was a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over, and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, I pushed the raft upon the flat piece of ground and fastened her by driving my two

broken oars into the ground, one on either side. Thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

Crusoe Explores the Island

My next task was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, where I could store my goods. I did not know where I was, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or uninhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not.

There was a hill not more than a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high. So I took one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols and a horn of powder, and thus armed I traveled up to the top of the hill. After I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw that I was on an island. There was no land to be seen anywhere, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands, which lay about six miles to the west.

I also found that the island was barren, and, I had good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. I saw abundance of fowl, but of no kinds that I knew, neither could I tell when I had killed them which were fit for food and which not.

As I was coming back, I shot at a great bird which was sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood,

and I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many kinds, all making a confused noise. As for the creature I had shot, I took it to be a kind of hawk. Its color and beak resembled it, but it had no claws and its flesh was not fit to eat.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to bringing my cargo on shore, which took me the rest of that day. What to do with myself at night, I did not know, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though I afterwards found there was no need for these fears.

However, I surrounded myself as well as I could with the chests and the boards that I had brought on shore, and so made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I saw no way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like rabbits run out of the woods when I shot the bird.

I now began to think that I might get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails. So I resolved to make another voyage to the vessel if possible. As I knew that the first storm that came would break her all in pieces, I decided to set all

other things aside till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. It appeared unwise to take back the raft, so I decided to go as before when the tide was down. I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, leaving on nothing but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen trousers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft. Having had experience with the first, I did not make this so large, nor load it so heavily; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me. In the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone.

All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron bars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling piece, with some small quantity of powder, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead. This last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find and a spare foretopsail, a hammock, and some bedding. With this I loaded my second raft, and brought all safely on shore to my very great comfort.

I was under some fear during my absence from the land lest my provisions might be devoured on shore.

But when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away for a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very unconcerned and looked full in my face as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but, as she did not understand it, nor did she offer to stir away, I tossed her a bit of biscuit, although I was not very free with it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, and she went to it, smelled it, and ate it, and then looked for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more; so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was compelled to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels (for they were too heavy), I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either from rain or sun, and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle around the tent to fortify it from any sudden attack either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards and an empty chest set on end. Spreading one of the beds on the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head and my gun beside me, I went to bed for the first time and slept very quietly all

night. I was very weary; for the night before I had slept little and had labored very hard all day in bringing all those things from the ship and getting them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds that ever was laid up for one man, but I was not satisfied. While the ship was upright in that position, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board and brought away something or other. The third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could and all the small ropes that I could get. I also brought a piece of spare canvas, with which to mend the sails, and the barrel of wet gunpowder.

But what comforted me more still was that, after I had made five or six such voyages as these and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship, I found a great hogshead of bread, a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me because I had given up expecting any more provisions except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of bread and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could be

supposed capable of bringing. But if the weather had remained calm, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece.

But, preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I had rummaged the cabin so well that I thought nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large scissors, with ten or a dozen good knives and forks. In another I found money to the value of about thirty-six pounds. Some of the coins were European, some Brazilian, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O Drug!" said I, aloud, "what are you good for? You are not worth the taking. One of these knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for you. Remain where you are and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving."

However, upon second thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping it in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft. But, while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind beginning to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore.

It presently occurred to me, that it was in vain to

try to sail a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before flood tide. Otherwise, I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands. Even that was difficult enough, partly from the weight of things I had about me and partly from the roughness of the water, for the wind rose very hastily.

But I had gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but comforted myself with the thought that I had lost no time in getting everything out of her that could be useful to me. Indeed, there was little left in her that I would have been able to bring away if I had had more time.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages or wild beasts, if there were any in the island. I had many thoughts of the way to do this and what kind of dwelling to make. I considered whether I should make a cave in the earth or a tent upon the earth, and I finally decided upon both.

Crusoe's New Home

I soon found that the place I was in was not suitable for my home, because it was upon low marshy ground

near the sea, and I believed it would not be healthy. Besides there was no fresh water near; so I decided to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

Several things had to be considered. Health and fresh water I have mentioned; shelter from the heat of the sun; security from ravenous creatures, whether man or beast; a view to the sea, so that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any chance for deliverance.

In search of a place like this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was as steep as the front of a house, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave in the rock at all.

On the green, just below this hollow place, I decided to pitch my tent. This plain was not more than a hundred yards broad and about twice as long and lay like a green before my door. At the end it descended irregularly down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N. N. W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day till the sun came to the west.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place which took in about ten yards in its

semi-diameter from the rock and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle, I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another. Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle between these two rows of stakes, up to the top.

This fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made, not by a door, but by a short ladder over the top. When I was in, I lifted the ladder over after me. So I was completely fenced in and fortified as I thought from all the world, and so slept secure at night, which otherwise I could not have done.

Into this fortress, with great labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have had the account. I made me a large tent to protect me from the rains, which in one part of the year are very violent there. And now I

slept no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock which was indeed a very good one and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions and everything that would be spoiled by the wet. Having thus enclosed all my goods, I closed up the entrance which till now I had left open.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock. Bringing all the earth and stones that I dug out through my tent, I piled them up within my fence in a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half. Thus I made me a cave just behind my tent which served me like a cellar to my house.

And I must not forget to say that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both the cats with me on my raft; and, as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship the day after I went with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me for many years. I longed to have him talk to me, but that he could not do.

In order that I might not lose my reckoning of time, I set up a square post on the shore; and every day I cut a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest.

—*Daniel De Foe.*

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

Far from the loud sea beaches,
  Where he goes fishing and crying;
Here in the inland garden,
  Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
  Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling,
  Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
  And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
  But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
  Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
  Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
  The white gulls are trooping and crying;
Here, among the rooks and roses,
  Why is the sea-gull flying?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A DOG OF FLANDERS

A little Belgian boy named Nello and a big Flemish dog named Patrasche were friends. They were both of the same age in length of years, but one was still young and the other was already old.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village about three miles from the great city of Antwerp. It was bordered on all sides by flat pastures and cornfields, and there were long lines of poplars and alders on the edge of a canal that ran through it.

The villages contained only about a score of houses, whose walls had been whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. The shutters were bright green or sky-blue and the roofs were rose-red or black and white.

In the center of all stood a windmill, which was a landmark in the level country round about. It had once been painted scarlet, but that was when it was new, about half a century before. Now it was dull brown, and worn by wind and weather. Once it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon; but now it went queerly, by fits and starts, as if it were rheumatic and stiff in the joints from age.

However, it still served the needs of the whole neighborhood, and it would have been thought as wicked to carry grain elsewhere to be ground as to attend any

other religious services than those held in the little old gray church that stood opposite the mill.

Within sound of the little old clock of this church dwelt Nello and Patrasche. Their home was the hut of a very poor old man named John Daas. He had once been a soldier and remembered the wars and the armies that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows. For his own services in the wars he had received nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When John Daas had reached his eightieth year, his daughter died and left him her two-year-old son to bring up. The old man could hardly support himself, but he took the new burden cheerfully and it soon became a joy to him. Nello—which was but a short form of Nicholas—was well and happy in his new home.

It was a humble little mud hut, but it was as clean and white as a shell. It stood in the center of a small garden where beans, herbs, and pumpkins were grown. John Daas was terribly poor, and many a day he and Nello had nothing at all to eat. Never by any chance did they have enough. To have had enough to eat would have been like living in paradise.

But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy and the boy was a beautiful innocent creature. They were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cab-

bage, and asked no more, except that Patrasche should always be with them.

PATRASCHE

Patrasche was a dog of Flanders, with yellow fur, large head and limbs, and sharp wolf-like ears that stood erect. His legs were bent and his feet were broad, for Patrasche came of a race of dogs that had toiled hard for many centuries. They were slaves of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness. They toiled all their lives and at last fell down and died on the stones of the streets. From the day of his birth, Patrasche was fed on curses and blows. Before he was fully grown he knew the drudgery of the cart and the collar. Before he was a year old, he was sold to a hardware dealer who wandered over the land from the blue sea to the green mountains. He had been bought for a small price because he was so young.

Patrasche's new master was a drunkard and a brute. He heaped his cart full of pots and pans and other wares of brass and tin, and left the dog to draw the load as best he could while he walked idly along. Patrasche was very strong and he managed to live under the terrible burden—the blows, the hunger and thirst, and the curses, which were the only wages his master ever gave him.

One day, about two years after he had been sold,

Patrasche was going along one of the straight, dusty roads that led to the city of Rubens. It was midsummer and very warm. His cart was heavy, but his owner sauntered on without noticing him. His master had stopped to drink at every wayside house, but he had not allowed the dog to stop for a moment to lap up a drop of water from the canal.

Patrasche had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and had not had a drop to drink since morning. He was blind with dust, sore from blows, and weary from the load that he dragged after him. At last he could go no further, and fell down in the white dusty road. There he lay in the glare of the sun, for he was deathly sick. His master assailed him with kicks and blows, but Patrasche was beyond the reach of his torture.

At last he made up his mind that the dog was dead, and cut the leather bands of the harness and kicked the dog aside into the grass. Then muttering his wrath, he pushed the heavy cart along and left the dying dog there for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick.

So Patrasche lay there in the grassy ditch. It was a busy road and hundreds of persons went by on their way to the fair at Louvain. Some of them saw the dog, some did not. A dead dog, more or less, was nothing to them or to anybody else in the world.

New Friends

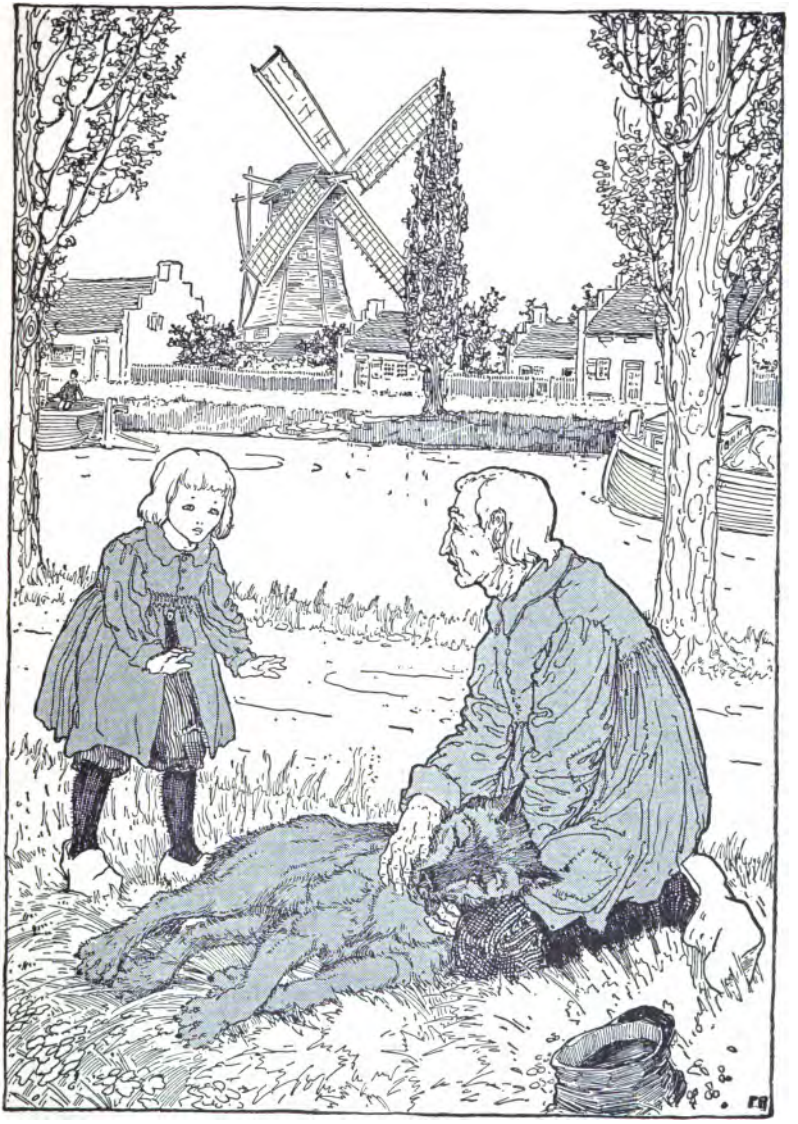
Among the travelers who passed along the road was a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He was none other than John Daas himself. He noticed Patrasche, paused, turned aside, and then knelt down among the tall weeds of the ditch to look with pitying eyes upon the dog.

With him was a little rosy, fair-haired child who stared with wonder at the creature in the ditch. After some delay the two went back to their hut, which was only a stone's throw away, and returned with a small cart, in which John Daas with great effort drew the helpless dog to his own door.

The dog's sickness had been brought on by heat, thirst, and overwork. In the cool shade of the hut, he began to revive and was soon able to drink the water that John Daas brought him. For many days he lay there, unable to move; but at last his strength returned, and he was able to rise on his four stout legs.

For many weeks he had been useless and deathly sick. During all this time he had heard no rough words and had felt no harsh blows. There had been nothing except the gentle words of the little boy and the caresses of the old man's hand.

During his sickness this lonely old man and the happy little child had grown very fond of the dog.



He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of grass for his bed. While he had been ill, his two friends had listened eagerly for his breathing in the dark, to tell them that he was still alive. And when he became well enough to bark for the first time, they almost wept for joy at such a sure sign of returning health. Then Nello hung chains of flowers about the dog's neck and kissed him with his ruddy lips. Patrasche, like any good dog, was gratified for what had been done for him. He lay all day, watching the movements of his friends, with his sober, brown eyes.

Now, the old soldier, John Daas, could do nothing for his living except limp about with a small cart in which he carried to the city of Antwerp the milk cans of his neighbors who owned cattle. The villagers employed him because they liked to send their milk to town by such an honest carrier, while they stayed at home to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was more than three miles off.

Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go while he lay in the sun with a wreath of flowers about his neck. One morning, before the old man had touched the cart, the dog walked to it and placed himself between the shafts. He showed as plainly as he could that he wished to work in return for the charity he had received.

John Daas tried to drive him away, for he was one of those who thought it was a shame to have dogs do labor for which nature had never intended them. But Patrasche could not be driven away. When he found his new master did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart with his teeth.

At length John Daas gave way and made a harness for Patrasche. So he drew the cart to the city that morning, as he did every morning of his life thereafter.

When winter came John Daas thanked the good fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch that hot day in the summer. He was now very old and he grew feebler every year. He would hardly have been able to pull his load of milk cans over the snow and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength of the dog he had befriended.

As for Patrasche, after the frightful burdens his old master had made him drag along, it seemed like play to run along in the shafts of the little green cart, with its shining brass cans. Then, too, John Daas always paid him with a tender caress and a kind word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the afternoon, and then he was free to do what he wished. He could sleep in the sun, or wander in the fields, or romp with Nello, or play with other dogs. So he was very happy.

Old John Daas had been a cripple for many years and one winter he became so lame that it was impossible for him to go out with the milk cart. Then, little Nello, who was six years old, took his place beside the cart and sold the milk. He knew the streets of Antwerp, and could easily find his way about because he had gone there so many times with his grandfather.

Nello and Patrasche did their work so well that when summer came and John Daas felt better, he had no need to stir out of his chair in the doorway. When his helpers returned, Patrasche would shake himself free of the harness with a bark of delight, and Nello would tell with pride all the events of the day.

Then they would all go in together for their supper of rye bread and milk, and when the shadows lengthened over the plain, they would all lie down and sleep peacefully until morning.

So the days and the years went by and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were very happy. In summer they loved to lie in the long grass on the bank of the canal and watch the ships drifting by.

In winter it was not so pleasant, for they had to rise while it was dark and bitter cold. They seldom had enough to eat, and the hut was but little warmer than a shed when the nights were cold. It looked

very pretty in warm weather with the great vine climbing over it, but in winter the wind found many holes in the walls and the vine was black and leafless. The bare ground looked very bleak and dreary without, and the floor was sometimes flooded and then frozen.

But the child and the dog never complained. The child's shoes and the dog's sturdy feet would trot manfully over the frozen ground to the chime of the bells on the harness. Sometimes, in the streets of Antwerp, a housewife would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread. Now and then a trader would throw a piece of firewood into the cart as it went back toward home. Then they would run over the white road and burst into their home with a shout of joy.

So, on the whole, things went well with them. On the streets Patrasche met many dogs that toiled from day break until nightfall, and were paid only with blows and harsh words, and were then left to starve and freeze, as they might. To be sure, he was often hungry and he had to work in the heat of the summer and the cold of winter. His feet were often tender with wounds from the sharp edges of the rough pavement, and he had to perform tasks beyond his strength. But he did his duty each day and the eyes that he loved smiled at him. That was enough for Patrasche.

—*Louisa de la Ramé.*

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud bleak and swift across the sky,
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
  He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

When the first American explorers visited the Atlantic coast of North America, they found it inhabited by roving tribes of men very unlike Europeans in appearance. They were copper colored, with high cheek bones, small black eyes, and straight black hair.

They called themselves by various names in different parts of the country, such as Mohegans, Pequots, Massachusetts, Narragansetts, and Hurons. But almost all of them belonged to two great families, the Algonquins and the Iroquois, the last being commonly called the Six Nations. The Europeans named them all Indians.

These tribes of natives differed very much in some respects in their mode of life. Some were warlike, others peaceful. Some lived only by hunting, others had fields of waving corn, and also raised beans, pumpkins, tobacco, hemp, and sunflowers—the last for the oil in the seeds. Some had only little tents of skin or bark, called "wigwams." Others built permanent villages, with streets and rows of houses.

These houses were sometimes thirty feet high and two hundred forty feet long, and contained as many as twenty families. They were built of bark, supported by wooden posts and there was a slit about a foot wide the whole length of the roof, to let the light in

and the smoke out. The fires were built on the ground, in a row, under the long opening.

But however carefully they may have built their houses, all the Indians were alike in being a roving race. They lived in the open air most of the time, and were very unwilling to be long confined to one place. They were always moving about, changing their place of residence at different seasons of the year, or when they wished to pursue a different kind of game. One of their commonest reasons for moving was that they had burned the woods immediately around them.

When the first white settlers arrived, the Indians were puzzled to know why they had come. Some of them thought that it must be because the strangers had burned up all the wood in their country and had visited America merely to find fuel.

The Indians were not commonly equal to the Europeans in bodily strength. They were not as strong in the arms and the hands, nor could they strike such heavy blows. But, on the other hand, their endurance was wonderful. They were very light of foot, and their best runners could run seventy or eighty miles in a day and they could bear the greatest torture without uttering a groan. In the woods they could hear sounds and observe signs that no white man would notice; and they could travel for miles

in a straight line through the thickest forest, being guided merely by the appearance of the moss and the bark upon the trees.

When the colonists first arrived, they found the Indians dressed chiefly in the skins of animals, which they prepared by smoking instead of tanning. But they soon obtained blankets from the colonists, and decorated them with beads, shells, and feathers. On great occasions, such as councils and war-dances, the chiefs wore a great quantity of these decorations, and also painted their faces with bright colors.

The women, or "squaws" as they are called, had the same practice; and one old Puritan clergyman wrote with great indignation, "The squaws use the sinful art of painting their faces."

The women were more plainly dressed than the men, but, like them, sometimes tattooed their bodies. The women wore their hair long, while the men commonly shaved theirs off, except one lock, called the "scalp-lock." This was left as a point of honor; so that, if one Indian killed another, he could cut off the scalp, lifting it by this lock. In summer they went about almost naked; and one of the first white settlers complained that it was hard fighting hand to hand with an Indian, because there was nothing to hold on by except the hair.

The food of the Indians was very simple. It con-

sisted of what they obtained by hunting and fishing, with ground corn, acorns, berries, and a few vegetables. They used tobacco, but had no intoxicating drinks until they got them from the Europeans.

Indian Inventions

The Indians made simple drills with which they bored the holes in their beads; and they were so clever that they could make a fire by rubbing two sticks together.

They knew how to make rush mats and wooden mortars and earthen vessels. They made fishhooks of bone, and nets of the fibers of hemp. They made pipes of clay and stone, often curiously carved or molded. They made stone axes and arrow-heads; and these are often found in the ground to this day on the sites of the Indian villages. They made beads, called wampum, from shells; but after the Europeans came, they supplied the Indians with their own beads, with iron axes and arrow-heads, and, at last, with firearms.

But the most ingenious inventions of the Indians were the snowshoe and the birch canoe. The snowshoe had a maple-wood frame, three or four feet long, curved and tapering, and filled in with a network of deer's hide. The network was fastened to the foot with thongs or strips of leather. Thus the foot was sup-

ported on the surface of the snow; and an Indian could travel forty miles a day upon snowshoes, and could easily overtake the deer and moose, whose pointed hoofs cut through the crust.

The birch canoe was made of the bark of the white birch, stretched over a light frame of white cedar. The whole bark of a birch tree was stripped off and put around the frame, without being torn. The edges were sewed with thongs cut from the roots of the cedar, and were then covered with pitch made from the gum of trees. If torn, the canoe could be mended with pieces of bark, fastened in the same way. The largest of these canoes were thirty feet long, and could carry ten or twelve Indians. They were very light, drew very little water, and could be paddled with ease. In the northern parts of the United States and in Canada, the birch canoe and the snowshoe are still very much in use, not only among Indians, but also among white men.

The bark canoes were so light that they could be taken out of the water and carried on the shoulders of an Indian for miles through the forest. But their strength was wonderful; and they were used for passing through dangerous rapids, and even over waterfalls.

Many of the Indian tribes were divided into smaller classes, or bands, distinguished by a mark, or totem,

tattooed on the breast; such as the wolf, the deer, the tortoise, the beaver, the bear, the snipe, the hawk. Each class had one or more chiefs, or sachems, who represented it in the councils. The sachem was commonly a man, but sometimes a woman; and the first settlers in New England found a "great squaw sachem" who ruled a large territory. These rulers did not govern by any written laws, but by fixed customs and traditions, which had great weight with the Indians. The subjects always carried their best fruit and game to the sachem.

Each class in a tribe was supposed to be particularly favored by the spirit of the animal chosen to be its totem. The Indians thought that all animals had protecting spirits; and they often addressed animals as if they were human. One of the earlier missionaries describes an Indian who shot at a large bear and wounded him. The bear fell and lay whining and groaning. The Indian went up to him and said, "Bear, you are a coward, and no warrior. You know that your tribe and mine are at war, and that yours began it. If you had wounded me, I would not have uttered a sound; and yet you lie here and cry, and disgrace your tribe."

They believed that the winds and the stars also had spirits; and they had many wild legends about such things, some of which are preserved in Longfellow's

"Hiawatha." They believed in a god, or sometimes in many gods; and they thought that they should live again after death. When any warrior died, they buried his weapons with his body so that he might use them in the happy hunting grounds in heaven.

Their religious services were strange and noisy, with peculiar songs and dances; and they had "medicine men" who were both priests and physicians. They claimed to cure by magic as well as by the simple remedies they knew. The Indians had no written language, but had ways of communicating to one another by signs on rocks and trees.

They had no money, but used wampum beads for coins; and they were so neatly made, and so convenient, that the first European settlers used them also, at the rate of four black beads, or eight white beads for a penny. They had belts made with this wampum, which were used to record all important events in the history of the tribe; and treaties were thus kept in memory for years.

The Indians had great courage, self-control, and patience. They were grave and dignified in their manners on important occasions; and in their councils they were courteous to one another, and discussed all important questions at great length. They were often kind and generous, and sometimes even forgiving; but they generally thought that sternness was a

virtue and forgiveness a weakness. They were especially cruel to captives, putting them to death with all manner of tortures, in which women took an active part.

It was the custom among them for women to do most of the hard work, in order that the bodies of the men might be kept supple and active for hunting and war.

When employed on these pursuits, the Indian men seemed incapable of fatigue; but in the camp or in traveling the women carried the burdens. When a hunter had carried a slain deer on his shoulders for a long distance, he would throw it down within sight of the village in order that his squaw might go and bring it in.

The Indians in War

Most of the Indian tribes lived in a state of constant warfare with one another. When there was a quarrel between tribes, and war seemed ready to break out, strange ceremonies were held. Some leading chief would paint his body black from head to foot, and would hide himself in the woods or in a cavern. There he would fast and pray, and call upon the Great Spirit; and would remember his dreams, to see if they promised good or evil.

If, for example, he dreamed of a great war-eagle

hovering over him, it was a sign of triumph. After a time he would come from the woods and return to his people. Then he would address them, summon them to war, tell them that the Great Spirit was on their side, and bid them to a feast at his wigwam.

There they would find the chief no longer painted in black, but in bright and gaudy colors, called "war paint." The guests, who would also be dressed in paint and feathers, would seat themselves in a circle. Wooden trenches containing the flesh of dogs would be placed before them for them to eat while the chief would sit smoking his pipe, without speaking or eating.

After the feast the war-dance would follow, perhaps at night, amid the blaze of fires and lighted pine knots. A painted post would be driven into the ground, and the crowd would form a wide circle around it. Then a chief would leap into the open space, brandishing his hatchet; and would chant his own deeds and those of his fathers, acting out all he described and striking at the post as if it were an enemy. Warrior after warrior would follow, till at last the whole band would be dancing, shouting, and brandishing their weapons, striking and stabbing at the air, and filling the forest with their yells.

Much of the night would pass in this way. In the morning the warriors would leave the camp in single file, still decorated with paint and feathers and orna-

ments; and as they entered the woods, the chief would fire his gun, and each in turn would do the same. Then they would halt near the village, take off their ornaments and their finery, and give them all to the women who had followed them for this purpose. Then the warriors would go silently and stealthily through the forest to the appointed place of attack. Much of their skill consisted in these silent approaches, in surprises, and in long and patient watchings.

They attached no shame to killing an unarmed enemy, or to private deceit, although they were always faithful to their public treaties. They were desperately brave, and yet they saw no disgrace in running away when there was no chance of success.

Their weapons, at first, were the bow and arrow, and a sort of hatchet called a tomahawk; and they had shields of bison-hide, and sometimes breast-plates of twigs interwoven with cord. Afterwards they learned the use of firearms from the whites, and became skillful with these weapons, losing much of their skill with the bow and arrow.

Some tribes built strong forts with wooden walls, palisades, banks, and ditches. In these forts they had heaps of stones to hurl down upon those who attacked them; and there were gutters by which they could pour down streams of water if the fort should be set on fire.

When first visited by Europeans, the Indians along the coast were already diminishing in number, through war and pestilence; and they have diminished ever since until many tribes have wholly disappeared. The year before the first settlers came, more than half of the Long Island Indians died of smallpox, which often wiped out whole tribes.

At first they were disposed to be friendly with the white men; but quarrels soon arose, both sides being partly to blame. The savages often burned villages, carried away captives, and laid whole regions waste. In return, their villages and forts were destroyed, and their tribes were driven westward or reduced to a mere handful.

The wild tribes are rapidly passing away; and in another century there will be hardly a roving Indian within the limits of the United States. Only those tribes will survive which have adopted the habits of civilization.

Most of the Indians now within the limits of the United States are wholly or partly civilized. About half of them live on what are called "reservations," and some of them are quite prosperous, having good farms, herds of cattle, and schools.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

"In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,

By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine trees,
Green in summer, white in winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the spring-time,
By the alders in the summer,
By the white fog in the autumn,
By the black line in the winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.

Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Hiawatha's Childhood

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder.
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

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Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Lion-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!
Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters
Learned in all the lore of old men,

In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

The Birch Canoe

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the moon of leaves were singing,

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

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And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the fir tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,

And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the hedgehog,
With his sleepy eyes looked at him
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries,
Into his canoe he wrought them
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

My father had a small estate near Nottinghamshire, where my four brothers and I spent our childhood. When I was fourteen years old, I was sent to college at Cambridge, where I remained three years, applying myself closely to my studies.

At the end of that time I was forced to leave college, because my father could no longer bear the expense; and I became an apprentice to a London surgeon, with whom I studied medicine for four years. Now and then my father sent me small sums of money, which I spent in learning navigation, for I had always intended to be a sailor.

At the end of my apprenticeship I became surgeon of a ship called *The Swallow* and went on several short voyages. Upon my return to London I married Clara Burton; but with her consent I soon became surgeon of a ship called the *Antelope* and made a voyage to the South Sea.

We set sail from Bristol May 4, 1699. At first our voyage was prosperous, but we were soon overtaken by a violent storm, which drove us near Van Dieman's Land. The seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship, which they tried to avoid; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it and the ship was split in two.

Six of the crew, of whom I was one, let down a boat into the sea and tried to get clear of the ship and the rock. But when we had rowed about three miles, the boat was overturned by a sudden gust of wind from the north. What became of my companions in the boat I cannot tell, but I fear they were all drowned.

For my part, I swam as best I could and was also carried forward by the wind and the tide. I often let my legs drop, but could not touch the bottom. However, when my strength was almost gone, and I was not able to struggle any longer, I found myself within my depth.

The storm was now almost over and I started to wade to the land; but the slope was so slight, that I had to walk nearly a mile before I reached the shore, and I did not arrive there until about eight o'clock in the evening.

I then walked about half a mile from the shore, but did not see any signs of houses or inhabitants. As I was extremely tired, I lay down on the grass and soon fell asleep.

I slept soundly for many hours and when I awoke it was day. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir. I was lying on my back and my arms and legs were fastened to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, was fastened in the same manner. I also felt some slender threads running across my body.

I could only look upward, and as the sun began to grow brighter, the light hurt my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but could see nothing except the sky. In a little while I felt something alive moving on my right leg. It advanced gently over my breast and came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I saw a tiny human creature, not more than six inches tall, with a bow and arrow in his hands.

In the meantime I felt forty men of the same kind following the first. I was utterly astonished and roared so loudly that they all ran back in fright. I was afterwards told that some of them fell and were hurt as they tried to leap from my sides to the ground. However, they soon returned and one of them ventured so far that he had full view of my face. He lifted up his hands and cried in a shrill voice, "Hekinah degul!" The others repeated the same words several times, but I did not know what they meant.

All the while I lay in great uneasiness. I struggled to free myself and at length had the good fortune to break the strings and pull up the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. With a violent tug I also loosened the strings with which my hair was tied on the left side, and was now able to turn my head a little.

But the creatures ran off again before I could seize them. Then there was a great shout, and about a

hundred arrows lodged in my left hand, and pricked me like so many needles. Before they could fire another volley, I held my hand over my face to protect my eyes.

When the shower of arrows was over, I lay groaning with pain. Then some of the little people tried to stick their spears into my sides, but they could not pierce my leather jacket.

I now decided to lie still until night when I could easily free myself with my left hand, which was loose. I had nothing to fear; for I knew that I should be a match for any number they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size as the one I had seen.

When they saw I was quiet, they stopped shooting arrows, but about four yards from my ear they built a platform a foot and a half high. It was large enough to hold four of the inhabitants, and there were two or three ladders leading up to it. From this platform one of the inhabitants made me a long speech, but I could not understand a word of it.

How Gulliver was Fed

I had not had a morsel to eat for hours, and so I put my fingers to my mouth to show that I wanted food. The speaker understood me at once. He went down from the stage and ordered ladders to be placed against my sides. On these more than a hundred of the inhabitants climbed up and walked towards my mouth, carry-

ing a large number of basketfuls of food that had been sent by the emperor.

Among the other foods, there was meat of various kinds, but I could not tell what they were. There were shoulders and loins that appeared like mutton, but were no larger than the wings of a lark. I ate them two or three at a mouthful. The loaves of bread were as large as musket-bullets, and I ate them three at a time.

Then I made another sign to show that I wanted drink. Judging from the amount I had eaten that a small quantity would not satisfy me, they fastened some ropes to a hogshead of wine and pulled it up to my mouth. I drained it in one mouthful, at which the little people shouted with joy, and danced upon my breast.

While they were passing back and forth on my body, I was often tempted to seize forty or fifty who came within my reach and dash them upon the ground. But I remembered their arrows, and that drove such thoughts out of my mind.

I could but admire the bravery of these tiny people who dared to climb upon my body when one of my hands was free. After some time a messenger of the emperor came before me, and made signs that I was to go forward. I also made signs in return to show that I wanted my liberty. He understood me well

enough and shook his head, at the same time holding his hands in a position to show that I must be carried a prisoner. I was again tempted to break my bonds, but I remembered their arrows and made signs to let them know that they could do what they pleased with me.

Then the little people withdrew and I soon fell asleep. I slept about eight hours and when I awoke I was being drawn along on a kind of carriage. The emperor had several engines on wheels for carrying trees and other heavy objects, and on one of them I was now being drawn along by fifteen hundred of their largest horses, each of which was about four and one-half inches high. The engine on which I was carried was seven feet long and four feet wide and had twenty-two wheels. I was so securely bound to it that I could not move.

The capital, to which we were journeying, was about half a mile distant. This was too great a journey to be completed that day, so when night came, we stopped in the roadway and remained there until morning. There were five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bow and arrows. They were ready to shoot me if I offered to stir.

At sunrise the next morning we continued our journey and arrived at the gates of the city a little before noon. The emperor and all his court came out

to meet us, but his officers would not allow his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an old temple, which was the largest building in the whole country. Several years before some one had been killed here, and so the temple could no longer be used for worship. The doorway was about four feet high and two feet wide, so I could easily creep through it; and in this building I was to be kept.

To the walls of the temple the smiths of the emperor had fastened ninety-one chains like those used by ladies in Europe to hold their watches and these were now locked to my left leg with thirty-six padlocks. While this was being done, the emperor and many others climbed upon the roof of a building opposite the temple, so they could see what was going on.

It was estimated that more than one hundred thousand of the inhabitants came out from the city to see me. Not less than ten thousand of them mounted upon my body at one time; but the emperor soon forbade this. When the soldiers saw I could not break loose, they cut the cords that bound me; and I rose to my feet and attempted to walk. As my chains were about two yards long, I could move backwards and forwards in a semi-circle, and I could also creep inside and lie at full length in the temple.

When I was on my feet, I looked about me and

never saw a more pleasing sight. The country around appeared like one great garden. The fields were about forty feet square and looked like beds of flowers. In the fields were woods a rod wide, but the tallest trees were only seven feet tall. The city looked like a painted scene in a theater.

I was extremely tired, so I soon crept into my house and shut the door after me. However, I could not sleep, for the little people would not go away, and I soon came out again and walked back and forth as far as my chains would permit. In the meantime the emperor had come down from the roof and now advanced toward me on horseback.

His daring nearly cost him his life, for his horse was frightened at my immense size and attempted to throw him. But he kept his seat until his attendants came and held the bridle while he dismounted.

Then the emperor ordered his cooks to prepare food and drink for me. They brought them to the place and pushed them forward on a platform until I could reach them. Then I emptied all the dishes in a few mouthfuls. During the time I was eating, the emperor and several of the nobles remained near me, but beyond the length of my chain.

The emperor was taller than any of his subjects, which made him greatly feared by all of them. He was then twenty-eight years old, and had reigned for

seven years. His dress was very plain and simple, but on his head he had a helmet of gold adorned with jewels. He held his sword in his hand to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long, and the hilt was made of gold set with diamonds.

After about two hours, the emperor and his court returned, and I was left with a strong guard to protect me from the crowd. However, some of the people shot their arrows at me, and one of them narrowly missed my left eye. But the general ordered six of the leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands. His soldiers accordingly did this, pushing them within my reach with the ends of their spears.

I took all of them in my right hand, put five of them into my pocket, and opened my mouth as if I intended to eat the other one. The poor fellow squalled terribly and the general and his soldiers were greatly frightened. But I only took out my pocket knife, cut the cords that bound him and set him on the ground. He ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. Taking the others from my pocket, one by one, I treated them in the same manner, which greatly delighted the people in the street.

At night I crawled into my house, where I lay on the floor, as I continued to do for about a fortnight. Dur-

ing that time the emperor had ordered a bed to be prepared for me, and at last one hundred and fifty mattresses were brought and were spread three deep on the stone floor of my house.

Many People Came to See Gulliver

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, so great a number of idle and curious people came to see me that the villages were almost empty. Cultivation of the fields and household affairs were neglected until his majesty issued an order that all who had seen me should return to their homes and not come again within fifty yards of my house.

In the meantime the emperor and the court could not decide what to do with me. They feared that I would break loose and eat so much that I should cause a famine in the land. They had decided to slay me or to shoot me in the face with poisoned arrows, when several officers of the army came into the court. They told of my treatment of the six men who had tried to injure me, and this made such a favorable impression that his majesty decided to spare me.

All the villages around the city were ordered to furnish daily six beeves, forty sheep and a great quantity of bread and wine for me, which was to be paid for by the emperor. Three hundred tailors were likewise ordered to make me a suit of clothes, and six

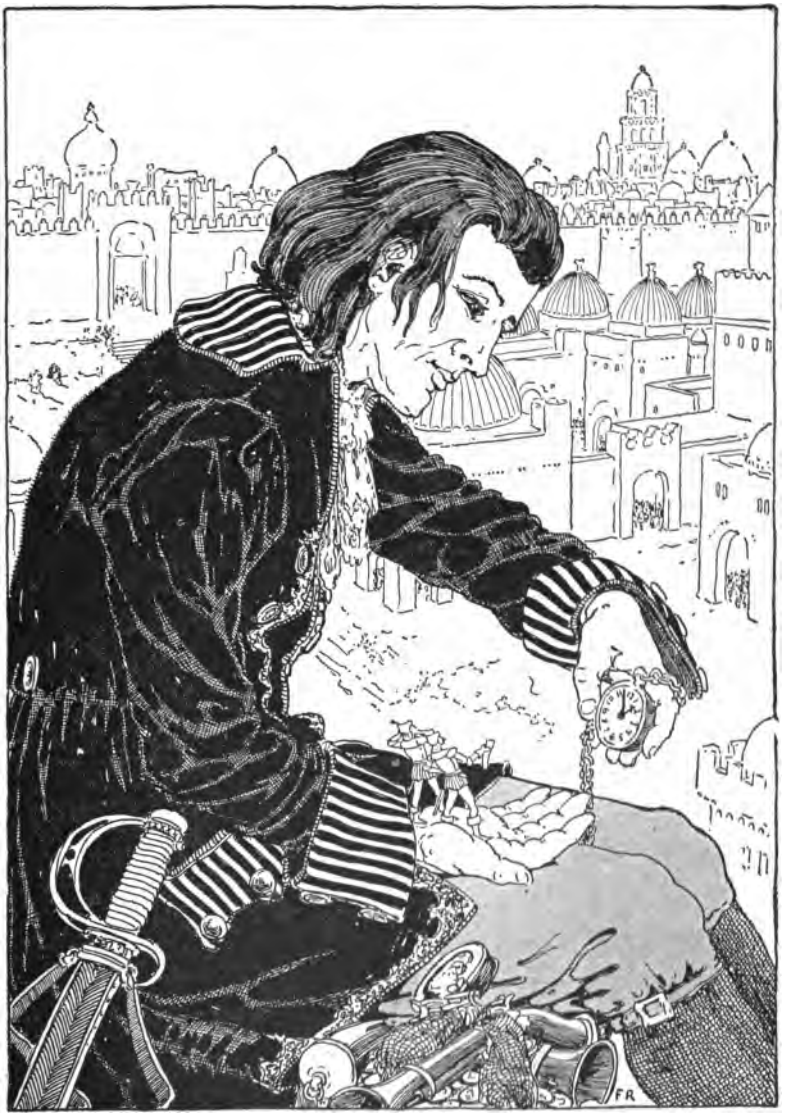
of the greatest scholars were ordered to teach me the language of the country.

All these orders were carried out. In about three weeks I had made great progress in learning their language, and the emperor often visited me and assisted the scholars in teaching me. As soon as I had learned enough words, I begged him on my knees to give me my liberty. He replied that such a thing could not be thought of at that time. He asked that I should not take it unkindly, if he gave orders to his officers to search me, for doubtless I had several weapons which must be dangerous because of their size.

I said, "You shall be satisfied, for I am ready to turn my pockets inside out."

He replied that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers. He knew that this could not be done without my consent, but he had such a good opinion of me that he was willing to trust their persons in my hands. Whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country or be paid for, at any price I might name.

I took up the two officers in my hands and put them into my coat pockets and then into every other pocket about me. These officers had pens and paper with them and made lists of everything they saw. Then I set the officers down on the ground again, and they returned to the emperor.



Afterwards I translated the lists into English as follows:

"In the right coat pocket of the great Man-mountain we found only one great piece of coarse cloth large enough to be a rug for your majesty's largest room.

"In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, which we were not able to lift. We asked that it be opened, and some one stepped inside into some dust that set us all a-sneezing.

"In the right waistcoat pocket we found an immense bundle of thin white layers folded one over another. It was as large as three men and was tied with a strong rope.

"In the left pocket there was a kind of engine from the back of which extended twenty long poles as tall as the posts before your majesty's court. Probably this is used by the Man-mountain to comb his hair.

"In the right trouser-pocket was a huge log to which was attached a great piece of iron; but we do not know the use of it. In the left pocket is another engine of the same kind.

"In a small pocket on the right side were several round pieces of white and red metal. Some of them seemed to be silver and were so large that my companions and I could not lift them.

"From a small pocket on the right side hung a chain to which was attached a wonderful kind of engine.

The Man-mountain held this engine to our ears and it made a noise like a water-mill.

"In another small pocket we found a net large enough for a fisherman, but which opened and shut like a purse. In it were several huge pieces of yellow metal, which resembled gold. If they were real gold, they must be very valuable.

"About the waist was a girdle from which hung a sword as long as five men.

"This is an exact list of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain who treated us with great kindness."

When the list had been read by the emperor, he ordered me to give up the articles that had been found. First he called for my sword, which I drew and held in my hand. As I did so, all the troop gave a shout of terror and surprise; for as the sun shone on it, the light dazzled their eyes. I was ordered to cast it on the ground six feet beyond the end of my chain. Next he demanded my iron pillars, by which he meant my pistols. I drew one out and loading it only with powder, discharged it into the air. The astonishment of the little people was very great, and hundreds fell down as if they had been dead. The emperor stood his ground, but he could not recover his courage for some time.

I also gave up my watch, which the emperor was

very curious to see. He was amazed at the noise it made, and at the motion of the minute-hand, which he could plainly see. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my silver snuff-box and my handkerchief.

GULLIVER'S AGREEMENT

My sword and pistols were carried to his majesty's palace. The rest of my goods were returned to me.

My gentleness and good behavior gained such favor with the emperor and his court, that I began to have hopes of being given my liberty. By degrees the natives came to have less fear of me. Sometimes I would lie down and five or six of them would dance on my hand. The boys and girls came and played hide and seek in my hair.

It was some time before I was free and only after I had agreed to the following conditions:

1. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our country without our permission.

2. He shall not come into our city without our order, at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal highways, and he shall not walk or lie down in any meadows or fields of corn.

4. As he walks in the roads, he shall not trample on any of our subjects or their horses or carriages, nor take

any of our subjects into his hands without their consent.

5. If a message requires great haste, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry the messenger and his horse in his pocket and to bring them back again, if requested to do so.

6. He shall be our ally against enemies in the island of Blefuscu and do all in his power to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to attack us.

7. In his leisure time, the said Man-mountain shall assist our workmen in raising great stones on the walls of the parks.

8. During the next two months the said Man-mountain shall measure the island by walking around it.

If the said Man-mountain agrees to these conditions, he shall have a daily allowance of food and drink sufficient for 1724 of our subjects.

I cheerfully agreed to all these conditions and was set at liberty.

Afterwards I asked a friend how they came to decide on the number 1724. He told me that his majesty's scholars had measured me while I was asleep and had found that I was just as large as 1724 of their subjects, and so should have as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians.

Liberty having been granted to me, my first request was for permission to see the city. The emperor

gladly granted this, but cautioned me to be careful not to harm either the inhabitants or their houses. The inhabitants were also warned of my intended visit.

The wall that surrounded the city is two and a half feet high and eleven inches wide, so that a horse and carriage may be safely driven on the top of it.

I stepped over the great western gate and passed very gently through the two principal streets, wearing only my short waistcoat for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with great caution to avoid treading on any person who might remain in the streets, although an order had been given that all persons should keep in their houses. The garret windows and the housetops were crowded with people.

The city is exactly square, each side being five hundred feet long. The two main streets are five feet wide, but the lanes and the alleys,—which I could not enter, are from twelve to eighteen inches wide. The houses are from three to five stories high, and there are plenty of shops and markets.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, the secretary of the emperor came to my house with only one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance as he wished to speak with me in private. I offered to lie down so that he might easily

reach my ear; but he chose to have me hold him in my hand during our conversation.

He began by saying, "The empire is threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the world. These two nations have been engaged in a terrible war for the past six and thirty moons. We have lost forty large ships and a much greater number of smaller vessels, besides thirty thousand sailors and soldiers. It is believed that the losses of the enemy have been as great as ours. They have fitted out a great fleet and are now preparing to attack us. His majesty has such confidence in your strength and bravery that he has asked me to lay this matter before you."

I answered him by saying, "I am ready to risk my life to defend the emperor and the state against its enemies."

Lilliput is a part of the continent, but the empire of Blefuscu is an island. It is separated from the mainland by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it and when I was told of the intended invasion, I kept away from the coast for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships.

I told the emperor of a plan I had for seizing the enemy's whole fleet which was said to be at anchor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I asked the sailors the depth of the channel and was told that it

was about seven feet deep in the middle, but it was shallower in other places.

I walked toward the coast, where, from behind a hill, I could see the enemy's fleet without being seen. It consisted of about fifty men-of-war.

The Journey to Blefuscu

Then I came back to my house and ordered a great quantity of the strongest cable besides bars of iron. The cable was the size of thread and the iron bars were as large as knitting needles. I braided three of the cables together and bent the iron bars so as to form hooks. Having fastened the fifty hooks to fifty cables, I went back to the coast. Then I took off my coat, shoes and stockings and waded into the water about half an hour before high tide. I waded with all the haste I could, but I had to swim for about thirty yards in the middle until I could touch the bottom.

The sailors of the enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to the shore, where there were not less than thirty thousand persons.

As soon as I came up to the ships, I fastened a hook into the bow of each and tied the ends of the cables together. While I was doing this, the enemy shot several thousand arrows at me, and many of them

stuck fast in my hands and face. My great fear was for my eyes, which I certainly should have lost if I had not thought of some way of protecting them.

I had a pair of spectacles in a private pocket that had escaped the emperor's searchers. I now took them out and fastened them as strongly as I could upon my nose, and then went boldly on with my work. Many of the arrows struck against the glasses, but without any harmful effect.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the cables in my hand, I began to pull; but not a ship would stir. They were all held fast by their anchors, but I cut the anchor cables with my knife; and then I was able to draw fifty of the largest men-of-war after me.

At first the people of Blefuscu had not the least idea of what I intended to do. When I cut the cables, they thought I intended to set the ships adrift; but when they saw me pulling the whole fleet after me, they set up such a cry of grief as I had not before heard. When I was out of danger, I stopped for a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face. Then I took off my spectacles, and after waiting about an hour for the tide to fall, I waded through the middle of the channel with my cargo and arrived safely in the harbor of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore

to watch the outcome of my attempt. They saw the ships were coming in the form of a half moon, but they could not see me, because I was up to my breast in water. The emperor feared that I had been drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was coming to attack them, but his fears were soon ended. At every step the channel grew more shallow, and he could soon see my head. When I came within hearing, I held up the end of the cables and cried in a loud voice, "Long live the brave king of Lilliput!"

The emperor received me on the beach with great joy; but he desired that I should take some other opportunity of bringing the rest of the enemy's ships into port. He seemed to expect nothing less than the destruction of the whole power of Blefuscu; so that he would then be the sole monarch of the whole world.

I replied that I should never be guilty of helping to bring a free people into slavery.

This was so contrary to the schemes of the emperor that he never forgave me for my opinion.

Almost three weeks after the loss of their fleet an embassy came from Blefuscu with offers of peace, which his majesty accepted. As the ambassadors were leaving, I asked them to give my respects to their emperor and say that I desired to visit him before returning to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I saw his majesty I asked permission to visit the

monarch of Blefuscu. He granted my request, but in a cold manner; and I afterwards learned that this was because I had spoken with the ambassadors.

Just as I was preparing to visit Blefuscu, a person from the emperor's court came to my house at night and asked to be permitted to speak with me. I put him into my pocket and ordered my trusty servant to say I had gone to sleep. Then I locked the door and listened to what my visitor had to say.

He began by saying, "I have come to warn you of the danger that threatens you. The emperor is angry with you because you refused to destroy all the other ships of Blefuscu after you had taken away the fleet; and you also spoke with the ambassadors who came from Blefuscu to ask peace of his majesty. You are now planning to make a visit to the emperor of Blefuscu. You have been found guilty of all these crimes, and your enemies have asked that you be put to death in the most cruel manner by setting fire to your house at night.

"But because of your services to him, the emperor has decided to punish you merely by putting out both of your eyes. In three days you will be notified of this, and his majesty does not think you can possibly object. To make the punishment as painless as possible, sharp arrows will be discharged into your eyes as you lie on the ground."

When my visitor had ended his story, I thanked him for his kindness and allowed him to depart.

Gulliver's Escape

Before three days had passed, I set out for Blefuscu. I went to the harbor where our fleet was anchored, and piled all my clothes on one of the largest men-of-war, which I pulled after me. After wading and swimming for several hours, I arrived in the harbor of Blefuscu, where guides were waiting for me.

I carried the guides in my hand until I came within two hundred yards of the city gate. Then I put them down and asked them to go and tell his majesty of my arrival.

The guides returned in about an hour with the emperor and all the officers of the court. They did not seem to be the least bit afraid of me. I lay down on the ground to kiss the hand of the emperor and that of the empress. I told his majesty that I had come according to my promise, and that I was honored by seeing so mighty a ruler. I offered him my services; for I thought it best not to mention the danger that had threatened me in Lilliput.

Soon the emperor and the court returned to the city, and for want of a house and bed, I slept that night on the ground, wrapped up in my blanket.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity

to the northeast coast of the island, I saw something that looked like an overturned boat. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, could see the object was being brought nearer

by the tide. At last I could plainly see that it was a real boat, which I supposed had been driven from some ship by a tempest.

I immediately returned to the city and requested the emperor to lend me twenty of the largest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet. This fleet sailed around the island while I went back by the shortest way to the coast. I found the tide had driven the boat still nearer.

When the ships arrived, I took off my clothes and waded until I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I had to swim. As soon as I reached the boat, I fastened cables from it to nine of the emperor's ships. Then I swam behind the boat and pushed it, and so helped the seamen tow it to the shore. There, with the help of two hundred men with ropes, I turned the boat over and found it little injured.

I was ten days in making paddles with which to row my boat to the port of Blefuscu. A great multitude of people met me there and they were filled with wonder at the sight of such a huge vessel.

I said to the emperor, "Good fortune has thrown the boat in my way to carry me to some place from which I may return to my native country. I ask your help in getting materials to fit it up and also beg to be permitted to depart."

After some delay, the emperor granted my request.

But at about the same time ambassadors came from Lilliput with the following message for the emperor:

"In order to have peace with him, the emperor of Lilliput asks that the emperor of Blefuscu send the Man-mountain back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished."

The emperor of Blefuscu sent back the following answer: "It is impossible to send the Man-mountain back to Lilliput without his consent. He has injured me by taking away my fleet, still he did me a great favor in helping me to make peace. Besides, he has found a huge vessel on the shore, which is able to carry him to sea; and in a few weeks both empires will be free of so heavy a burden."

Five hundred workmen helped me make sails for my boat, and I made cables by twisting ten or more of their cables. I happened to find a great stone on the seashore, which served as an anchor.

I stored the boat with the flesh of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with a great quantity of bread and water. I also took with me six live cows and six live sheep, and a bundle of hay and a bag of corn.

All things being ready, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning, and arrived near a small island at six in the evening. I cast anchor on the lee side of the island, and lay down and slept for six hours.

I ate my breakfast before the sun was up and then hauled up the anchor. I steered in the same direction as the day before by means of my pocket compass. I discovered nothing that day, but at three on the afternoon of the next day I saw a sail in the distance

I signaled her, and at first could get no answer; but about half an hour later she spied me and discharged a gun. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, and was filled with joy at seeing her English colors. I put my corn and sheep into my coat pocket and went on board, carrying my little stock of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant ship returning from Japan by the South Sea. When I told the captain my story, he only thought the dangers I had met had disturbed my mind. However, I took my cattle and sheep out of my pocket, and so convinced him that I had told the truth.

We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, and that was caused by the rats carrying away one of my sheep. The rest of my cattle I got safely on shore and let them graze on Bowling Green at Greenwich. I made much profit by showing them to various persons; and before I set out on my next voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

Hush, my darling, and listen,
  Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
  In just such a storm as this is,

High up on the lonely mountains,
  Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
  And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
  Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
  And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
  Stunned, and bruised, and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
  And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
  Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
  And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
  I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
  Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
  Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
  That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
  No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
  Forth in the wild wet morning.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Yes, he was the most beautiful prince that ever was born!

Of course, being a prince, people said this; but it was true besides. When he looked at the candle, his eyes had an expression quite unusual in a new-born baby. His nose, although there was not much of it, seemed well shaped. His complexion was a charming, healthy red. He was round, fat and straight-limbed—in fact, a splendid baby, and everybody was exceedingly proud of him, especially his father and mother, the king and queen of Nomansland.

The only person who was not quite happy was the king's brother who would have been king one day if the baby had not been born. But as his majesty was very kind to him, and even gave him a dukedom almost as big as a county—the crown prince, as he was called, tried to seem pleased. Let us hope that he was.

The prince's christening was to be a grand affair. According to the custom of the country, there were chosen for him four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers. Each had to give him a name and a promise to do the utmost for him. When he came of age, he himself had to choose the name—and the godfather or godmother—that he liked best, for the rest of his days.

Meantime all was rejoicing. The rich gave presents

to the poor. They gave dinners in town halls for the workingmen, tea-parties in the streets for their wives, and milk and bun feasts for the children in the school-rooms.

As for the palace—it was turned upside down with the preparations that were going on. The only quiet place in it was the room which the prince and his mother, the queen, occupied. Nobody said the queen was ill, however—and she said nothing about it herself. She lay pale and quiet, giving no trouble to anybody, and nobody thought much about her. All the world was busy in admiring the baby.

The christening day came at last, and it was as lovely as the prince himself. All the people in the palace were lovely, too—or thought they were. They were dressed in the elegant new clothes which the queen had taken care to give them, from the ladies in waiting down to the poor little kitchen maid, who looked at herself in her pink cotton gown, and thought that there never was such a pretty girl as she was.

By six in the morning all the royal household had dressed itself in its very best; and then the little prince was dressed in his best. His royal highness did not like it at all, but kicked and screamed like any common baby. When he had calmed down a little, they carried him in for his mother to look at.

She admired her baby very much. She kissed and blessed him, and then lay looking at him, as she sometimes did for hours. Soon she had to give him up with a gentle smile, saying she hoped he would be very good and that it would be a very nice christening.

The queen was a very uncomplaining person—and her name was Dolorez.

Everything went on exactly as if she had been present. Even the king himself had grown used to her absence; for she was not strong, and for years had not joined in any gayeties. She always did her royal duties, but as to pleasures, they could go on well enough without her.

The company arrived, great and notable persons in this and neighboring countries, also the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, who had been chosen with great care. They came walking two and two, with their coronets on their heads—being dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, or the like.

They all kissed the child and pronounced the name which each had given him. Then the four-and-twenty names were shouted out with great energy by six heralds, one after the other, and afterward written down in the state records. Soon the ceremony was over, and everybody seemed satisfied; except, perhaps, the little prince himself, who moaned faintly under his christening robes, which nearly smothered him.

The truth was, though very few knew it, the prince in coming to the chapel had met with a slight disaster. His nurse, an elegant and fashionable young lady of rank, whose duty it was to carry him to and from the chapel, had been so occupied in arranging her train with one hand, while she held the baby with the other, that she stumbled and let him fall, just at the foot of the marble staircase. To be sure, she picked him up again the next minute; and the accident was so slight it seemed hardly worth speaking of. Consequently nobody did speak of it.

The baby had turned deadly pale, but did not cry, so no one could discover anything wrong. Even if he had moaned, the silver trumpets were loud enough to drown his voice. It would have been a pity to let anything trouble such a joyous day.

So, after a minute's pause, the procession had moved on. Such a procession! Heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; and a troop of little girls in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed all the way before the nurse and the child. Finally came the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, so splendid to look at that they received more attention than their godson.

Thus they stood, with the sun shining on them

through the painted windows. The king and his train were on one side, the prince and his attendants on the other. It was as pretty a sight as ever was seen out of fairyland.

"It's just like fairyland," whispered the oldest little girl to the next oldest, as she shook the last rose out of her basket; "and I think the only thing the prince wants now is a fairy godmother."

"Does he?" said a shrill but soft and not unpleasant voice behind them. Then among the group of children there was seen somebody—not a child, yet no bigger than a child—somebody whom nobody had seen before, and who certainly had not been invited, for she had no christening clothes.

She was a little old woman dressed all in gray. She had a gray gown, gray hooded cloak of fine material and of a tint that seemed always changing, like the gray of an evening sky. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also—even her complexion had a soft gray shadow over it. But there was nothing unpleasant about her, and her smile was as sweet and childlike as the prince's own.

"Take care! Don't let the baby fall again," said she.

The grand young nurse started and said angrily, "Who spoke to me? How did anybody know? I mean, what business has anybody to speak about it?" She was frightened, but added in a sharp tone, "Old

woman, you will be kind enough not to say 'baby' but 'the prince'. Keep away now! His royal highness is just going to sleep."

"Nevertheless I must kiss him. I am his godmother," said she.

"You!" cried the elegant lady nurse.

"You!" cried all the gentlemen and ladies in waiting.

"You!" echoed the heralds and the pages as they began to blow their silver trumpets.

The prince's procession formed itself for returning, and on the topmost step of the marble stairs stood the little old woman. She stretched herself on tiptoe and gave the little prince three kisses.

"This is intolerable," cried the nurse, wiping the kisses off with her lace handkerchief. "Take yourself away at once, or the king shall be told immediately."

"The king knows nothing of me," replied the old woman. "My friend in the palace is the king's wife."

"Kings do not have wives, but queens," said the nurse with a haughty air.

"You are right," replied the old woman. "I know her majesty well, and I love her and the child. Since you dropped the prince on the marble stairs, I shall be his fairy godmother, so I can help him whenever he needs me."

"You help him!" cried all the group, breaking into shouts of laughter.

But the old woman only stood on tiptoe and kissed the little prince as she said, "I name you Prince Dolor, in memory of your mother, Dolorez."

"In memory of!" Everybody started at the words, and just then the great bell of the palace—the bell which was only heard on the death of one of the royal family, and for as many times as he or she was years old—began to toll. They listened and counted: "One—two—three—four"—up to twenty-nine—just the queen's age.

It was, indeed, the queen. Her majesty was dead! In the midst of the festivities she had slipped away, out of her new happiness and her old sufferings. Sending away all her women to see the grand sight, she had turned her face to the window from which she could just see the tops of the distant mountains—the Beautiful Mountains, as they were called—where she was born. So gazing, she had quietly died.

When the little prince was carried back to his mother's room, there was no mother to kiss him. And although he did not know it, there would be for him no mother's kiss any more.

As for his godmother—the little old woman in gray who called herself so—whether she melted into air, or whether she flew out of the chapel window, or slipped

through the doorway among the bewildered crowd, nobody knew—nobody ever thought about her.

Everybody was very kind to the poor little prince. I think people generally are kind to motherless children, whether princes or peasants. He had a fine nursery and many attendants, and was treated with great respect. Nobody was allowed to talk to him in silly baby language, or to kiss him, although perhaps some people did it secretly, for he was such a sweet baby that it was difficult to help it.

It could not be said that the prince missed his mother. Children of his age cannot do that; but somehow after she died everything seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale and seemed to have almost ceased growing, especially his legs, which had been so fat and strong. But after the day of his christening they withered and shrank. He no longer kicked them out either in anger or play, and when he was nearly a year old, his nurse tried to make him stand upon them, but he only tumbled down.

This happened so many times that at last people began to talk about it. A prince, and not able to stand on his own legs! What a dreadful thing! What a misfortune for the country!

Rather a misfortune to him, also, poor little boy, but nobody seemed to think of that. After a while his

health revived, and the old bright look came back to his sweet little face, and his body grew larger and stronger, although his legs still remained the same, but people continued to speak of him in whispers, with grave shakes of the head. Everybody knew, although nobody said it, that something was not quite right with the poor little prince.

Of course, nobody hinted this to the king, for it does not do to tell great people anything unpleasant. And besides, his majesty took very little notice of his son, or of his other affairs, beyond the necessary duties of his kingdom. People had said that he would not miss the queen at all, she having been so long an invalid, but he did.

After her death he never was quite the same. He established himself in her empty rooms, the only rooms in the palace from which one could see the Beautiful Mountains, and was often seen looking at them as if he thought she had flown away thither, and that his longing could bring her back again. And by a curious coincidence, which nobody dared inquire into, he desired that the prince might be called, not by any of the four-and-twenty grand names given him by his godfathers and godmothers, but by the very name mentioned by the little old woman in gray—Dolor, after his mother Dolorez.

Once a week, according to established custom, the

prince, dressed in his very best, was brought to the king, his father, for half an hour, but his majesty was generally too ill to pay much heed to the child.

Only once, when he and the crown prince, who was very attentive to his royal brother, were sitting together, with Prince Dolor playing in a corner of the room, dragging himself about with his arms rather than his legs, and sometimes trying feebly to crawl from one chair to another, it seemed to strike the father that all was not right with his son.

"How old is his royal highness?" he asked of the nurse.

"Two years, three months, and five days, please your majesty," said she.

"It does not please me," said the king, with a sigh. "He ought to be far more forward than he is now—ought he not, brother? You, who have so many children, must know. Is there not something wrong with him?"

"Oh, no," said the crown prince, exchanging looks with the nurse, who did not understand at all, but stood frightened and trembling with the tears in her eyes. "Nothing to make your majesty at all uneasy. No doubt his royal highness will outgrow it in time."

"Outgrow what?" asked the king.

"A slight delicacy in the spine; something inherited, perhaps, from his dear mother," replied the crown prince.

"Ah, she was always delicate," said the king, "but she was the sweetest woman that ever lived. Come here, my little son."

The prince turned around to his father a small, sweet, grave face—so like his mother's that the king smiled and held out his arms. But when the boy came to him, not running like a boy, but wriggling awkwardly along the floor, the royal face clouded over.

"I ought to have been told of this," said he. "It is terrible—terrible! And for a prince too. Send for all the doctors in my kingdom at once!"

They came, and each gave a different opinion and ordered a different remedy. The only thing they agreed in was what had been pretty well known before, that the prince must have been hurt when he was an infant —let fall, perhaps, so as to injure his spine and lower limbs. Did nobody remember?

No, nobody. Indignantly, all the nurses denied that any such accident had happened, until the faithful country nurse recollected that it really had happened on the day of the christening. For her unluckily good memory all the others scolded her, and soon after, by the influence of the young lady who had carried the baby that fatal day, she was sent to the Beautiful Mountains, from whence she came, to remain there for the rest of her days.

But of all this the king knew nothing, for, indeed,

after the first shock of finding out that his son could not walk, he seldom inquired about him.

One day the king said to his brother, the crown prince, "If anything should befall me, I have appointed you as regent. In case of my death, will you take care of my poor little boy?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the crown prince, "but do not let us imagine any such misfortune. I assure your majesty that it is not in the least likely."

He knew, however, and everybody knew, that it was likely, and soon after it actually did happen. The king died as suddenly and quietly as the queen had done—indeed, in her very room and bed. So Prince Dolor was left without either father or mother—as sad a thing as could happen, even to a prince.

The New King

He was more than that now, though. He was a king. In Nomansland, as in other countries, the people were full of grief one day and happy the next. "The king is dead—long live the king!" was the cry that rang through the nation, and almost before his late majesty had been laid beside the queen in their splendid tomb, crowds came thronging from all parts to the royal palace to see the new monarch.

They did see him—the prince regent took care that they should—sitting on the floor of the council-chamber,

sucking his thumb! And when one of the gentlemen in waiting lifted him up and carried him to the chair of state, and put the crown on his head, he shook it off again, it was so heavy and uncomfortable. Sliding down to the foot of the throne, he began playing with the golden lions that supported it, stroking their paws and putting his tiny fingers into their eyes, and laughing as if he had at last found something to amuse him.

"There's a fine king for you!" said the first lord in waiting, a friend of the prince regent's. "What a king! He can never stand to receive his subjects, but to the last day of his life will have to be carried about like a baby. Very unfortunate!"

"Exceedingly unfortunate," repeated the second lord. "It is always bad for a nation when its king is a child."

"I swear," said the crown prince, coming forward and kissing the hilt of his sword—"I swear to perform my duties as regent, to take care of his majesty. And I will do my best to govern the country."

So the king and queen slept together in peace, and Prince Dolor reigned over the land—that is, his uncle did. Everybody said what a fortunate thing it was for the poor little prince to have such a clever uncle to take care of him. All things went on as usual; even after the regent had brought his wife and her seven sons and established them in the palace. For they gave such

splendid entertainments and made the capital so lively that the country was said to be more flourishing than it had been for a century.

Whenever the regent and his sons appeared, they were received with shouts—"Long live the crown prince!" "Long live the royal family!"

As for Prince Dolor—for somehow people soon ceased to call him his majesty, which seemed such a ridiculous title for a poor little helpless cripple, with only head and trunk, and no legs to speak of—he was very seldom seen by anybody. Sometimes people daring enough to peer over the high wall of the palace garden noticed there, carried in a footman's arms, or drawn in a chair, or left to play on the grass, often with nobody to mind him, a pretty little boy, with a bright, intelligent face and large solemn eyes.

One day the regent went to the council chamber and informed the ministers and the country at large that the young king was in failing health, and that it would be best to send him for a time to the Beautiful Mountains. Whether he really meant to do this, or whether it occurred to him afterward that there would be an easier way of attaining his great desire, the crown of Nomansland, is a point which I cannot decide.

So soon after, when he had obtained an order from the council to send the king away, the nation learned, without much surprise, that the poor little prince—

nobody ever called him king now—had gone on a much longer journey than to the Beautiful Mountains.

He had fallen ill on the road and had died within a few hours; at least so said the physician and the nurse who had been sent to take care of him. They brought his coffin back in great state, and buried it in the tomb with his parents.

So Prince Dolor was seen no more. The country went into deep mourning for him, and then forgot him, and his uncle reigned in his stead.

And what of the little lame prince, whom everybody seemed so easily to have forgotten?

Not everybody. There were a few kind souls, who had heard his sad story, and some servants about the palace, who had been familiar with his sweet ways, often sighed and said, "Poor Prince Dolor!"

They did not know—indeed, hardly anybody did know—that beyond the mountains, between them and the sea, lay a tract of country, barren, level, bare, except for short, stunted grass, and here and there a patch of tiny flowers. Not a bush—not a tree—not a resting-place for bird or beast was in that dreary plain. In summer, the sunshine fell upon it hour after hour with a blinding glare; in winter, the winds and rains swept over it unhindered, and the snow came down noiselessly, covering it from end to end with one great white sheet, which lay for days and weeks unmarked by a single footprint.

The Round Tower

Not a pleasant place to live in—and nobody did live there, apparently. The only sign that human creatures had ever been near the spot was one large round tower which rose up in the center of the plain, and might be seen all over it—if there had been anybody to see. It rose right up out of the ground, as if it had grown of itself, like a mushroom. It was circular, of very firm brickwork, with neither doors nor windows, until near the top, when you could see some slits in the wall through which one might possibly creep in or look out.

Its height was nearly a hundred feet, and within twenty feet of the top some cunning architect had planned a perfect little house, divided into four rooms. By making skylights, and a few slits in the walls for windows, and raising a peaked roof which was hidden by the walls, here was a dwelling eighty feet from the ground, and as hard to reach as a bird's nest on the top of a tree.

It was a charming place to live in, if you once got up there, and never wanted to come down again. Inside it was furnished with all the comfort imaginable; with lots of books and toys, and everything that the heart of a child could desire. For its only inhabitant, except a nurse, was a poor, lonely child.

F.R.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there was seen crossing it a tall black horse, ridden by a man also big and equally black, carrying before him on the saddle a woman and a child. The woman—she had a sad, fierce look, and no wonder, for she was a criminal under sentence of death, but her sentence had been changed to almost as severe a punishment. She was to inhabit the lonely tower with the child, and was allowed to live as long as the child lived—no longer. This was in order that she might take the utmost care of him, for those who put him there were equally afraid of his dying and of his living. This little forlorn boy was Prince Dolor.

He had not been dead at all—or buried either. His grand funeral had been a mere pretence. A wax figure having been put in his place, while he himself was sent away under charge of these two, the condemned woman and the black man. The latter was deaf and dumb so he could neither tell nor repeat anything.

When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain dangling from the wall, but dangling only half way. The deaf-mute took from his saddle a sort of ladder, arranged in pieces like a puzzle, fitted it together, and lifted it up to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower, and lowered from it a kind of chair, in which the

woman and the child placed themselves and were drawn up, never to come down again as long as they lived. Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces again and packed it in his pack, mounted the horse, and disappeared across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for him, appearing like a speck in the distance. He fastened his horse to the foot of the tower, and climbed it, as before, bringing provisions and many other things. He always saw the prince, so as to make sure that the child was alive and well, and then went away until the following month.

While his first childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. He had every luxury that even a prince could need. His nurse was very kind to him, although she was a wicked woman. But either she had not been quite so wicked as people said, or she grew better through being shut up with a little innocent child, who was dependent upon her for every comfort and pleasure of his life.

It was not an unhappy life. There was nobody to tease or ill-use him, and he was never ill. He played about from room to room—there were four rooms, parlor, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom and his own—learned to crawl like a fly, and to jump like a frog, and to run about on all fours almost as fast as a puppy.

As he grew older, he occasionally liked to be quiet for

a while, and then he would sit at the slits of windows and watch the sky above and the ground below. By and by he began to learn lessons—not that his nurse had been ordered to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself. She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy; so they got on very well. It was a dull life, but he had never known any other, and he did not pity himself at all. That is he did not for a long time, till he became quite a big boy and could read quite easily. Then he suddenly took to books, which the deaf-mute brought him from time to time.

After a time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin, and to shut himself up for hours without speaking. His nurse hardly spoke, and whatever questions he asked beyond their ordinary daily life she never answered. She had, indeed, been forbidden, on pain of death, to tell him anything about himself—who he was, or what he might have been. He knew he was Prince Dolor, because she always addressed him as "My Prince," but what a prince was he had not the least idea. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in his books.

He sat one day surrounded by them, having built them up around him like a little castle wall. He had been reading them half the day, but feeling all the while that to read about things which you never can

see is like hearing about a beautiful dinner while you are starving.

At last he said, "I wish I had somebody to tell me things: somebody that would be fond of me, like my poor white kitten."

Here the tears came into his eyes, for the boy's one friend had been a little white kitten, which the deaf-mute once took out of his pocket and gave him—the only living creature Prince Dolor had ever seen. For four weeks it was his constant plaything and companion, till one moonlight night it climbed on to the wall of the tower, dropped over and disappeared.

"Yes, I wish I had something better than a kitten," he said; "a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody—dreadfully, dreadfully!"

Prince Dolor's Visitor

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane. He turned himself around, and what do you think he saw?

It was a little old woman, no bigger than he might himself have been had his legs grown like those of other children; but she was not a child—she was an old woman. Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved. But she had the sweetest smile and the softest voice imaginable.

"My dear little boy," said she, "I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me; but now I am here."

"And you are very welcome, madam," replied the prince, trying to speak politely. "May I ask who you are? My name is Dolor."

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have no name—or, rather, I have so many names that I don't know which to choose," said she. "However, it was I who gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little prince; "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down together and played. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"Not very, thank you, godmother," said the prince. "I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do and my books to read—lots of books. But will you promise me that you will never go away?"

"I must go, but I will leave a present behind to amuse you—something that will take you wherever you wish to go, and show you all that you wish to see," said she.

"What is it?" asked Prince Dolor.

"A traveling cloak," answered his godmother.

The prince's smile faded. "I don't want a cloak," said he, "for I never go out. Sometimes nurse takes me to the roof, and carries me around by the wall, but that is all. I cannot walk, you know, as she does."

"The very reason why you should ride," answered the godmother; "besides, this traveling cloak——"

"Hush!—she's coming," whispered the prince.

Outside the door there was the sound of a heavy step and the rattle of plates and dishes; and in an instant the fairy godmother was gone.

And what of the traveling cloak? What kind of a cloak was it, and what good did it do the prince?

Outside it was the commonest looking bundle imaginable—shabby and small. The instant Prince Dolor touched it, it grew smaller still, till he could put it in his trousers pocket, like a handkerchief rolled up into a ball. He did this at once, for fear his nurse should see it, and kept it there all day and all night, too. Till after his next morning's lessons, he had no opportunity of examining his treasure.

When he did, it seemed no treasure at all; but a mere piece of cloth—circular in form and dark green in color.

Prince Dolor had never seen anything like it. In spite of his disappointment, he examined it curiously.

He spread it out on the floor and then threw it over his shoulders. It felt very warm and comfortable; but it was so very shabby—the only shabby thing that the prince had ever seen in his life.

"Of what use will it be to me?" said he, sadly. "I have no need of outdoor clothes, as I never go out. I wonder why this was given me. What in the world am I to do with it?"

Because his godmother had given him the cloak, he folded it carefully and hid it in a safe corner of his toy cupboard, which his nurse never meddled with. He did not want her to find it or to laugh at it or at his godmother—as he felt sure she would, if she knew.

One day he sat at the window watching the birds that were flying past.

"How nice it must be to be a bird!" said he. "If legs are no good, why cannot one have wings? People have wings when they die. I wish I were dead, I am so tired, so tired; and nobody cares for me. Nobody ever did care for me except, perhaps, my godmother. Godmother, dear, have you quite forsaken me?" As he said that, the little old woman in gray appeared.

How glad he was to see her! How he looked into her kind eyes and felt her hands, to see if she were real.

"Now get your traveling cloak," said she. "Spread it on the floor, and wait till the edges turn up like a rim around it. Then go and open the skylight and set

yourself down in the middle of the cloak like a frog on a water-lily leaf. Say, 'A—B—Ab—dum—dum—dum,' and see what will happen!"

The prince burst into a fit of laughing. It all seemed so exceedingly silly. He wondered that a wise old woman like his godmother should talk such nonsense.

"Believe me or not, it doesn't matter," said she. "Here is the cloak. When you want to go traveling, say, 'A—B—Ab—dum—dum—dum!' When you want to come back again, say, 'A—B—Ab—tum—tum—tum.' That's all; good-by."

When Prince Dolor had untied all the knots of the traveling cloak, a remarkable thing happened. The cloak began to undo itself. It laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed, and the rim turned up all around till it was breast-high. Meantime the cloak had grown and grown until it had become large enough for one person to sit in it as comfortable as in a boat.

At last he sprang right into the middle of the cloak, where he squatted down, wrapping his arms tight around his knees. There he sat, waiting to see what might happen next.

Nothing did happen, and he began to think nothing would, and to feel rather disappointed, when he recollected the words he had been told to repeat—"A—B—Ab—dum—dum—dum!"

He repeated them, laughing all the while, they seemed such nonsense; but the cloak rose, slowly and steadily, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head actually bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not crouched down, crying, "Oh please don't hurt me!" in a most sad voice.

Then he suddenly remembered his godmother's words—"Open the skylight!"

Without a moment's delay he lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt. The minute the window was opened, the traveling cloak sailed right out into the clear, fresh air, with nothing between it and the blue sky.

Prince Dolor had never felt any such delicious sensation before. I can understand it. Cannot you? Did you never think, in watching the birds going home across the calm evening sky till they vanish like dots in the mist, how pleasant it must feel to be up there, out of the noise and din of the world, able to hear and see everything down below, yet troubled by nothing and perfectly content?

Something like this was the happiness of the little lame prince when he found himself for the first time in the pure open air, with the sky above him and the earth below.

True, there was nothing but earth and sky; no houses, no trees, no rivers, no mountains, no seas—not

a beast on the ground or a bird in the air. But to him even the level plain looked beautiful; and then there was the glorious arch of the sky, with a new moon in the west like a queen. And the evening breeze was so sweet and fresh, and by and by a few stars came out.

By this time, however, the cool breeze had become cold; and, as he had no outdoor clothes, poor Prince Dolor was not very comfortable. The dews fell damp on his curls and he began to shiver.

"Perhaps I had better go home," thought he.

But how? In his excitement the other words which his godmother had told him to use had slipped from his memory. They were only a little different from the first, but that slight difference made all the difference in the world.

The poor little prince began to feel frightened. What if his wonderful traveling cloak should keep on traveling to the world's end, carrying with it a poor, tired, hungry boy, who, after all, was beginning to think there was something very pleasant in supper and bed?

"Dear godmother," he cried pitifully, "do help me! Tell me just this once and I'll never forget again."

Instantly the words came rushing into his head—"A—B—Ab—tum—tum—tum!" Was that it? Ah! yes—for the cloak began to turn slowly. He repeated the charm again, more distinctly and firmly, when the

cloak immediately started, as fast as ever, in the direction of the tower.

Prince Dolor reached the skylight, which he found exactly as he had left it, and slipped in, cloak and all, as easily as he had gone out. He had scarcely reached the floor, and was still sitting in the middle of his traveling cloak—like a frog on a water-lily leaf, as his godmother had said—when he heard his nurse's voice outside.

"Bless us! where has your royal highness been all this time?" said she. "To sit stupidly here at the window till it is quite dark, and leave the skylight open, too. Prince, what can you be thinking of? You are the silliest boy I ever knew."

Shutting the skylight with an angry bang, she brought in the supper and lit the candles. But Prince Dolor hardly saw it. He only saw in the corner where nobody else would see it, his wonderful traveling cloak. And although his supper was not very nice, he ate it heartily, scarcely hearing a word of his nurse's grumbling.

When he was left alone at last, and crept into his little bed, where he lay awake a good while, his chief thought was—"I must be up very early to-morrow morning, and finish my lessons, and then I'll go traveling all over the world on my beautiful cloak."

—*Dinah H. Mulock.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the greatest of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. His birthplace was but five minutes' walk from Casco Bay, which forms the harbor of Portland; and Portland, then as now, was one of the great seaports of the Atlantic coast. Even from the doorway of his home Longfellow could see much of the harbor and also the stately lighthouse on the headland.

Amid such surroundings, it was only natural that he early learned to love the sea. The following are some of the poems that he wrote about it: "The Lighthouse," "The Building of the Ship," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "My Lost Youth."

Of this scene of his boyhood the poet wrote:

"I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

In early life, Longfellow moved from his native state to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and so he was brought among other scenes and other interests. You have read his beautiful Indian legend of Hiawatha, and you are now to read "The Village Blacksmith."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

On one of the streets of Cambridge stood a humble blacksmith shop, with a large chestnut tree growing in front of it; and it was about that shop and the smith who toiled there that the poem was written.

The poem says:

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door."

And those who knew him best, relate that the Poet also often strolled past the blacksmith shop, and never without stopping to greet the smith, and look in at "the flaming forge."

On Longfellow's seventy-second birthday the children of Cambridge presented him a chair made from the wood of "the spreading chestnut tree," which had then grown old, and had been cut down to save it from decay. The poet was greatly pleased with the children's gift and wrote a poem about the chair, which he called "From My Armchair."

The following stanzas are from that poem:

"There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

"And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON

Once upon a time there was a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer. At last he could scarcely earn enough bread for his large family. One night he was aroused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meager looking person.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger. "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted. Will you undertake a job for me this very night?"

"With all my heart, Señor, on condition that I am well paid," replied the mason.

"That you shall be, but you must allow yourself to be blindfolded," returned the visitor.

To this the mason made no objection. So, having his eyes covered, he was led by the stranger through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The stranger then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and a spacious hall to an interior part of the building. Here the

bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a court, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

In the center was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the stranger requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the stranger put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Señor," replied the mason, "provided I am so well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I shall call again," said he, as he departed.

The next night the stranger returned for the mason, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the stranger, "you must help me to bring the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words, but he followed the stranger, with trembling steps, into a distant chamber of the mansion. Here he was relieved by seeing three or four large jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the stranger carried them and placed them in their tomb.

The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work were obliterated. The mason was again blindfolded and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The stranger then put two pieces of gold into his hands. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the Xenil. He made the best of his way home, and reveled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work, after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and keep saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old miser, who was noted for owning many houses and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows.

"I am told, friend," said he, "that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Señor," replied the mason. "It speaks for itself."

"I presume, then," returned the landlord, "that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheaply."

"As cheaply as any mason in Granada," answered the mason.

"That's what I want," said the landlord. "I have an old house fallen into decay, which costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it. So I must patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that was going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord. "It was an old miser, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the Church. He died suddenly, but nothing could be found but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck

has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there is no taking the law against a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old miser slept, as if he were counting over his money. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason. "Let me live in your house rent-free until you find a better tenant, and I will put it in repair and quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even if he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted. He moved his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. Little by little he repaired the rooms. The clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the dead miser, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors. He soon became one of the richest men in Granada, and never revealed the secret of his wealth until on his death-bed.

—*Washington Irving.*

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

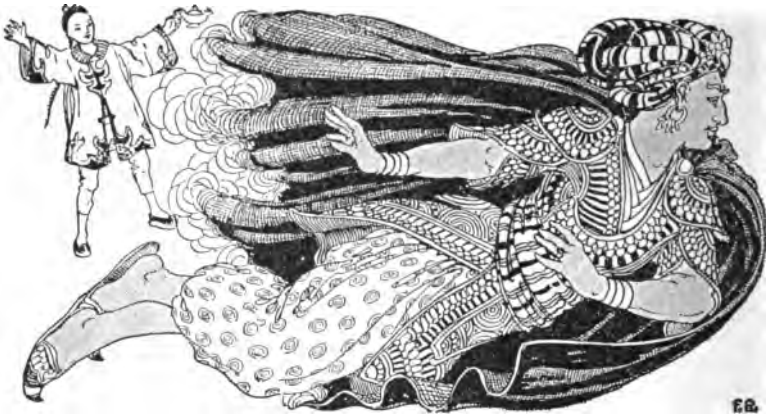
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprung from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

F.R.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry:
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
And I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—*Clement C. Moore.*



ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor in one of the rich provinces of China. When he was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own shop. But Aladdin was an idle fellow and loved play better than work. He spent most of his days in playing in the streets with other boys as idle as himself.

His father died while Aladdin was yet very young; but he was as idle as before, and his mother was obliged to spin cotton night and day in order to support herself and him.

One day, when he was about fifteen years old, he was playing in the streets with some of his companions. Soon a stranger who was passing by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous African magician, who was in need of the help of some ignorant

person. As soon as he saw Aladdin, he knew by his manner and appearance that he was a person who could be made a tool of. The magician then asked Aladdin's name of some persons standing near by.

He crowded in among the boys, placed his hand on Aladdin's shoulder and said, "My good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," replied Aladdin, "but my father has been dead a long time."

"Alas!" cried the magician, "what sad news! I am your father's brother. I have been away for many years, and now when I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead!" While tears ran down the stranger's cheeks, he pulled out a purse and gave Aladdin two pieces of gold. "Take these, my boy," he said, "and give them to your mother. Tell her that I will come and sup with her to-night."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?"

She told him he had not. Then Aladdin gave her the gold and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to sup with them that evening. The good woman was astonished, but she went to the market and bought provisions and was preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter who brought all kinds of delicious fruits and sweetmeats.

After the magician had given Aladdin the things he had brought, he saluted his mother, and asked to be shown the place where his brother Mustapha was in the habit of sitting. When this was done, he fell down and kissed it several times. Then he said with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother, how unhappy I am because I did not come soon enough to give you a last embrace!"

As soon as they sat down to supper, the magician gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels. He said he had been away from home for forty years and had traveled to distant countries. Then he turned to Aladdin and asked his name.

"I am called Aladdin," said he.

"Well, Aladdin," replied the magician, "what business do you follow? Have you any trade?"

At these questions Aladdin hung his head, and was much ashamed. His mother replied, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father tried to teach him his trade, but he did not succeed. Since his father's death, he has done nothing but idle away his time in the streets."

With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician turned to Aladdin and said, "This is not well, my nephew. You must think of some way of earning a living. I will help you in any way I can. Shall I take a shop and furnish it for you?"

Aladdin was overjoyed at the idea, for he thought

there was very little work in keeping a shop. He told his uncle this would suit him better than anything else.

"I will take you with me to-morrow," said the magician, "and clothe you as handsomely as any merchant in the city. Then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked the magician very heartily and begged Aladdin to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Next day the stranger called for Aladdin as he had promised, and led him to a merchant who sold ready-made clothes. Then he had Aladdin try on the handsomest suits and bought the one that he liked best. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars where the foreign merchants were and in the evening gave him a feast.

When Aladdin's mother saw him return so handsomely dressed and heard him tell of the company he had been in, she was full of joy. "Generous brother," said she to the magician, "I do not know how to thank you enough for your goodness. May you live many years and have my son's gratitude!"

"Aladdin," replied he, "is a good boy. I have no doubt that some day we shall both be proud of him. I am sorry that I cannot hire the shop for Aladdin to-morrow, as it is Friday, and all the merchants will be absent, so I will come to take Aladdin and show him the public gardens outside the town."

Aladdin's Walk into the Country

The next morning Aladdin got up very early and dressed himself. Soon he saw his uncle coming, and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly and said, "Come, my good boy, to-day I will show you some very fine things."

Then he led him through beautiful gardens with great houses standing in them; and by degrees led him on farther and farther in the country. At last, seeing that Aladdin was tired, he bade him sit down by the side of a great basin of pure water. He also gave him some cakes and fruits and told him to eat them.

By kindness and pleasant talk he led Aladdin to go much farther until they came to a narrow valley with mountains on all sides. This was the place that the magician had hoped to reach. He had brought Aladdin for a secret purpose of his own.

"We shall go no farther," said he to Aladdin. "I shall show you some wonders that no one besides yourself will ever see. I am now going to make a fire, so gather all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find."

There were many dry sticks scattered about, so that Aladdin soon gathered more than enough. The magician lighted a fire and as soon as it was in a blaze, he threw some perfume into it. A dense smoke rose and the magician spoke some mysterious words.

At the same instant the ground shook and opened near the spot where they stood. They could see a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring fastened in the center of it.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run away, when the magician suddenly gave him a blow on the ear and knocked him down. Poor Aladdin trembled and with tears in his eyes got up and said, "Dear uncle, what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?"

"I have good reasons for it," replied the magician. "Obey me, and you will not be sorry for it. Underneath that stone is a treasure which will make you richer than many kings if you will do what I tell you to."

By this time Aladdin was over his fright, and said, "What must I do? Tell me. I am ready to obey you."

"Well said," replied the magician. "Now come and take hold of this ring and lift up the stone."

To Aladdin's surprise, the stone was raised without any trouble, and then he could see a small opening three or four feet deep. At the bottom of this was a little door, with steps that led down still lower.

"Now," said the magician, "you must go down into this cavern. When you come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door leading into three great halls. In each of these you will see four vases

as large as tubs, full of gold and silver, but you must take care not to touch any of it. When you come into the first hall, take up your robe and bind it around you. Then go on to the second hall and from there to the third.

"Above all, be very careful not to go near the walls nor even to touch them with your robe. If any part of your dress should chance to touch them, your instant death will be the result. At the end of the third hall, there is a door that leads to a garden full of beautiful trees covered with fruit. Go straight on and follow a path that you will see. This will lead you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which there is a wall.

"When you reach the wall, you will see a shelf on which there is a lighted lamp. Take up the lamp and put out the light. Then throw away the wick and the oil and put the lamp in your bosom. Then bring it to me. If you should wish to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so. There is nothing to prevent you from taking as much as you please."

When the magician had given these directions, he took a ring from one of his fingers, and gave it to Aladdin, telling him that it would protect him from any evil.

"Now go, my child," said the magician. "We shall both be rich for the rest of our lives."

Aladdin leaped into the opening and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the magician had said. He passed through them with the greatest care, for fear of being killed. He went on to the garden and climbed to the wall. He took the lamp, threw away the oil, and put it in his bosom.

Then he started back, but stopped in the garden to look at the fruit. The trees were all full of the most wonderful fruit. Some were white and others sparkled like crystals. Some were red and some green, some blue and some violet. The white were pearls; the sparkling kinds were diamonds. The red were rubies, the green were emeralds; the blue were turquoises and the violet, amethysts. In short, all the fruits were precious stones; and they were larger and more perfect than any that had ever been seen in the whole world.

Aladdin was not yet old enough to know their value, and thought they were all only colored glass. However, their beautiful colors pleased him and he gathered some of each color and filled both his pockets as well as the two new purses that the magician had bought for him.

Loaded down in this manner with the immense treasure, Aladdin hurried through the three halls, in order that he might not make the magician wait too long. Having passed through them with the same caution as before, he began to ascend the steps. Soon

he reached the entrance of the cave, where the magician was waiting for him. As soon as Aladdin could see him he called out, "Give me your hand, uncle, and help me up."

"My dear boy," replied the magician, "first give me the lamp, so that will not hinder you."

"It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it to you when I am out."

The magician still insisted on having the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave; but the lamp was covered with the fruit from the trees, and the lad could not easily find it until he got out of the cave. This threw the magician into the most violent rage. He threw a little perfume upon the fire, which he had kept burning, and he had hardly pronounced two magic words, before the stone returned to its own place and shut up the entrance of the cavern.

Aladdin did not expect such a wicked action by his pretended uncle, after all his kindness and generosity. He was more horrified than can be told. When he found himself buried alive, he called a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he would give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and he remained there in perfect darkness.

At last he dried his tears and went down to the bottom of the stairs, intending to go into the garden; but the walls, which had been opened by enchantment,

were now closed. He felt all around him to the right and the left, but could not find the least opening. Then he sat down on the steps and redoubled his cries and tears.

Aladdin remained here for two days, without eating or drinking. On the third day, feeling that death was near, he clasped his hands in prayer, and said in a loud voice, "There is no power but in God."

As he joined his hands, he happened to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger.

The Genie of the Ring

As soon as it was rubbed, a genie of enormous size and terrible appearance rose out of the earth before him. "What do you wish?" said he to Aladdin. "I am ready to obey you as your slave. I am the slave of him who wears the ring on his finger."

Frightened almost out of his wits, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me out of this place!"

Scarcely had he said it, when he found himself on the outside of the cave, at the very spot where the magician had left him. He rose up trembling and made his way back to the city. When he reached his mother's door, he was fainting from hunger and fatigue.

His mother, who was heartbroken because he had not returned, received him joyfully and gave him food and drink. Then he told his mother all that had

happened to him, and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the wonderful ring on his finger.

However, his mother thought little of the jewels, as she was ignorant of their value. Aladdin hid them behind one of the cushions of the sofa. His mother was filled with horror at the wickedness of the magician.

When Aladdin awoke next morning, his first thought was that he was very hungry and would like some breakfast.

"Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you. You ate last night the last bits of food in the house. However, have a little patience and it shall not be long before I can bring you something. I have a little cotton of my own spinning and I will go and sell it, and buy something for dinner."

"Keep your cotton, mother," replied Aladdin, "and give me the lamp that I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell that, and the money I shall receive will buy us food for breakfast and dinner."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the shelf where she had put it. "Here it is," she said, "but it is very dirty. If I polish it a little, perhaps it will sell for more."

Then she took some water and a little sand to clean it with. But she had scarcely begun to rub this lamp,

when instantly, and while her son was present, a horrible genie rose out of the ground before her, and cried with a voice as loud as thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave. I am the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands."

Aladdin's mother was too terrified to speak, but Aladdin, who had seen a genie in the cavern, seized the lamp, and answered in a firm voice, "I am hungry. Bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared, and returned in a moment. He carried on his head a silver tray on which were twelve silver dishes filled with the finest food. There were also six silver plates and two silver cups. He placed them all upon the table and instantly disappeared.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, they both sat down to their breakfast in great delight. Never before had they eaten such delicious food or seen such fine dishes.

This feast provided them with food for several days, and when it was all gone Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one and bought more food. In this way they lived happily for a number of years, for Aladdin now behaved with great wisdom. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, and in this way grew to be very wise.

THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER

One day, as he was walking in the city, Aladdin heard an order of the sultan, telling all persons to shut up their shops and go into their houses until Princess Badroulbadour, the daughter of the sultan, had passed by on her way to the bath.

Aladdin hurried along with the crowd of people until he found himself in the doorway of a large building. He placed himself behind the door, where he was certain not to be seen, and where he might see the princess as she passed.

He had not long to wait before she came, with a great crowd of her attendants. As she passed, she threw aside her veil, so that Aladdin saw her face. She was indeed the most beautiful princess he had ever seen, and he fell in love with her at once.

When Aladdin told his mother of his love for the princess, she laughed, and said, "Alas, my son, what are you thinking of? You must have lost your senses to talk so foolishly."

"Mother," replied Aladdin, "I have not lost my senses; I am in my right mind. I knew very well that you would think me a fool, but whatever you may say, nothing will prevent me from asking the princess in marriage from the sultan."

"Truly, my son," said his mother, "you seem to

have forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor. Indeed, I do not know who will dare to go and speak to the sultan about it."

"You must go, yourself," said he.

"I?" cried his mother in great surprise. "I go to the sultan? No, indeed, I will take care not to do anything so foolish. You know very well that no one can make any request of the sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor folk as we find a present?"

Then Aladdin told his mother that while talking with the merchants in the shops, he had learned to know the value of something that they owned. For a long time he had known that nothing that they had in their shops was half so fine as those jewels he had brought home from the enchanted cave. So his mother brought them from the place where they had long been hidden. Together they arranged them in a fine porcelain dish.

Aladdin's mother was sure that her son's present was one that could not fail to please the sultan, so she agreed to do as her son wished. She took the porcelain dish with the jewels and folded it up in a very fine linen cloth. Then she set out and took the road to the palace of the sultan. The grand vizier, accompanied by the other viziers and proper officers of the court, had already gone in when she arrived at the

gate. The crowd of those who had business at the court was very great. The doors were opened, and she went in with the others. She placed herself so that she was opposite the sultan and other officers.

After the various persons had been heard, the sultan and his court retired, without any one taking the slightest notice of Aladdin's mother. Day after day the good woman went back, until at last her patience touched the sultan's heart. One day he sent for her and asked her what she wanted of him.

Trembling, Aladdin's mother told him of her son's request and begged the mercy of the sultan for him and for herself. The sultan heard her kindly, and then asked her what she had so carefully tied up in the linen cloth. Then she unfolded the cloths, and laid the sparkling jewels before him. It is impossible to express the astonishment of the sultan when he saw the jewels in that dish.

For several moments he gazed at them speechless. Then he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, "How very beautiful! How very rich!"

"My good woman, I will indeed make your son happy by marrying him to the princess as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of gold full of the same kind of jewels that you have already presented to me. They must be brought to me by an equal number of black

slaves, each of whom shall be led by a white slave, all richly dressed. Go, now, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, Aladdin's mother made her way home, and told her son the sultan's strange wish. But Aladdin only smiled, and when his mother had gone out, he took the lamp and rubbed it. The genie instantly appeared and Aladdin commanded him to lose no time in bringing the present that the sultan had requested. The genie instantly disappeared and soon returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, on which were flowers of gold. All these slaves with their golden basins entirely filled the house as well as the court in front and a garden behind it.

Aladdin's mother almost fainted when she saw the great crowd and all the jewels, but Aladdin asked her to follow the slaves to the palace and present his gift to the sultan.

No sooner had the first slave turned into the street than every idle person ran to look, and by the time the whole procession was on its way, the crowd was so great that every one had to stand in the place where he happened to be.

When the first of the eighty slaves arrived at the gate of the palace, the porters were in great haste to open it.

When the sultan had been informed of the arrival of the slaves, he gave orders to have them admitted. They entered in regular order, one part going to the right and the other to the left. After they were all within the hall and had formed a large semi-circle before the throne of the sultan, each of the black slaves placed the basin that he carried upon the carpet. Then they all bowed down until their foreheads touched the ground. The white slaves also did the same. Then they all got up and uncovered the basins which were before them, and then remained standing with their hands crossed upon their breasts.

The astonishment of the sultan at the sight of all these riches can hardly be imagined. After gazing at the shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to welcome him!"

Aladdin was so delighted with this news that he could hardly answer his mother. He hastened to his room, shut the door, and having called the genie, he ordered him to take him instantly to a bath. When he had been bathed and perfumed by invisible hands, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun. The genie also brought him a splendid horse and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on the way to the sultan's palace. All carried purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there had been a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now to watch Aladdin as he rode past, and to pick up the gold pieces which were scattered in the street by the slaves. The sultan came down from his throne to greet him and there was great feasting and joy in the palace. The sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and be married that day.

Aladdin replied, "I beg you to permit me to wait until I have built a palace to receive the princess. I request you to point out a suitable place for it near your own."

"My son," answered the sultan, "there is a large open space before my palace and you may take whatever spot you wish, but remember that, to have my happiness complete, I cannot see you united too soon to my daughter."

Aladdin then took leave of the sultan and departed. As soon as he reached his home, he lost no time in again calling the genie. He commanded him to build a beautiful palace on the spot of ground given by the sultan.

Aladdin's Palace

Early the next morning the genie appeared. "My lord," said he, "your palace is finished; come and see if it is as you wish." Aladdin found it far more beauti-

ful than even he had hoped for. Words cannot tell the astonishment of the sultan and his household at seeing this wonderful palace.

The marriage of the princess and Aladdin was held the same day with great rejoicing.

For several months there was nothing but happiness; but there was soon to be an end of it.

Aladdin had become very fond of hunting, and there was not a week that he did not go out to follow the chase, and sometimes at a long distance from the city.

About this time his old enemy, the magician, found out by some of his magical arts that Aladdin was enormously rich and much beloved instead of being dead as he had supposed in the enchanted cave. He was filled with rage, and immediately set out for China. On arriving there, he went to one of the great merchants and began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone a-hunting, and was not expected home for three or four days.

The magician bought a dozen shining new lamps, and put them in a basket, and set out for Aladdin's palace. When he came near it, he called out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

This brought out a great crowd of people, for they all thought he was foolish to give his bright new lamps for old ones.

F.R.

When he came under the princess' window, all the slaves laughed as they looked down into the street. "Come," said one of the slaves, "let us see if the old fool means what he says. There is an ugly old lamp on the shelf. Maybe he will give a new one in its place." The princess gave her consent and away ran one of the slaves with the lamp to the magician, who willingly gave in exchange the best he had.

As soon as night arrived, he called the genie of the lamp and commanded him to transport him, the palace and the princess, to the farthest corner of Africa. The order was instantly obeyed.

The grief of the sultan was terrible when he found that the palace and his daughter had disappeared. Soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who was not yet returned from hunting.

Aladdin was soon found and taken to the sultan. He would have been beheaded if the sultan had not been afraid of the people, by whom Aladdin was much loved.

"Go, wretch!" cried the sultan. "I grant you your life, but if you ever appear before me again, you will be beheaded unless within forty days you bring me tidings of my daughter."

Aladdin left the palace, not knowing which way to turn his steps. At length he stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes. As he stooped down, his foot slipped,

and to save himself from falling, he pressed the magician's ring, which he still wore on his finger. The genie of the ring appeared before him saying, "What would you have me do?"

"Oh, mighty genie," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where it stood yesterday!"

"What you command," replied the genie, "is not in my power. Only the genie of the lamp can do what you ask."

"Then I command you," said Aladdin, "to take me to the place where now it stands."

Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city. The princess was then walking in her own chamber, weeping over her misfortune. Happening to look out of the window, she saw Aladdin and made signs to him to be silent. Then she sent a slave to bring him in by a private door. The princess and her husband having kissed each other and shed many tears, Aladdin said, "Tell me, my princess, what has become of an old lamp which I left on this shelf?"

The princess then told how her slave had exchanged it for a new one. She also said that the tyrant in whose power she was always carried that lamp in his bosom. Aladdin was sure that this person was no other than his old enemy, the magician.

After talking a long time, they hit upon a plan for

getting back the lamp. Aladdin went into the city and bought a powder that would cause instant death if it was swallowed. The princess then invited the magician to sup with her. As she had never been so polite to him before, he was delighted with her kindness. While they were at the table, she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine which she had prepared. After pretending to taste the one she held in her hand, she asked the magician to change cups, as was the custom between lovers in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drank the wine which contained the deadly poison, and soon fell senseless.

Aladdin, who was hiding near by, snatched the lamp from the magician's bosom, and summoned the genie, who instantly carried the palace back to the place from which it had come.

A few hours after, the sultan, who had risen at break of day, went to the window to look at the place where the palace had been. To his great joy, he saw Aladdin's palace shining in the sun. He called his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter. During a whole week nothing was to be heard but the sound of music and feasting, in honor of Aladdin's return with the princess.

Not long after this, the sultan died, and Aladdin and the princess ascended the throne.

—*The Arabian Nights.*

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

New Year's Day is a great festival throughout all Persia. It is celebrated with great rejoicing, not only in the large cities, but in every town, village, and hamlet. But the rejoicing is greatest at the court, where one may see many wonderful sights. Strangers are invited from the neighboring states, and liberal rewards are given to those who bring the best inventions.

On one of these feast days, after the most skillful inventors of the country had entertained the king, a Hindu appeared at the foot of the throne with an artificial horse. It was bridled and saddled, and so well made that at first sight it looked like a living horse.

The Hindu pointed to the horse and said to the king, "Though I come so late before your majesty, I can assure you that nothing that has been shown to-day is as wonderful as this horse, which I beg you to examine."

"I see nothing remarkable in the horse," said the king, "except the natural appearance the workman has given him. The skill of any other workman may do as well or better."

The Hindu replied, "It is not for his outward appearance that I recommend my horse, but for the

use I can make of him. If I wish him to carry me through the air to the most distant part of the world, he will do so in a very short time. This is the wonder of my horse. It is a wonder which nobody ever heard of before, and which I offer to show your majesty."

The king, who was fond of everything that was curious, had never seen or heard of anything half as wonderful as this. He told the Hindu that he was ready to see him do what he promised.

The Hindu put his foot into the stirrup and mounted his horse. When he had seated himself in the saddle, he asked the king where he was pleased to send him.

About three miles from the city there was a high mountain that could be seen from the large square in front of the palace. "Do you see that mountain?" said the king, pointing to it. "It is not a great way off, but it is far enough for me to judge of the speed you can make in going and returning. But because it is not possible for the eye to follow you so far, bring me a branch of the palm tree that grows at the top of the mountain as proof that you have been there."

The Hindu turned a peg in the hollow of the horse's neck, and in an instant the horse rose from the ground and carried his rider into the air like lightning. He rose to such a height that even those who had the strongest sight could not follow him.

In less than a quarter of an hour they saw the

Hindu coming back with a palm branch in his hand; but before he came entirely down, he took two or three turns in the air, amid the shouts of all the people. Then he landed upon the same spot of ground from which he had set out without either himself or the horse receiving the least shock. He dismounted, went up to the throne, and laid the branch of the palm tree at the king's feet.

The king felt a great desire to have the horse, and persuaded himself that he should not find it difficult to make a bargain with the Hindu. "Judging your horse by his outward appearance," said the king to the Hindu, "I did not think him worth much. To show you how highly I value him now, I will buy him of you if he is to be sold."

"I never doubted," replied the Hindu, "that your majesty would set a just value on my work as soon as you had seen it. I also foresaw that you would wish to have the horse, and I am not so fond of him that I could not part with him to please your majesty. But I have a request to make, without which I cannot let him go, and perhaps you will not approve of it."

"I am willing," said the king, "to give you anything you may ask in exchange. You know my kingdom is large and contains many rich and populous cities; I will give you the choice of those you like best, to rule for the rest of your life."

"I am obliged to your majesty for the offer you make me," replied the Hindu, "and cannot thank you enough for your generosity. But I must beg you not to be angry with me for having the boldness to tell you that I cannot resign my horse to you unless I may have your daughter as my wife."

The courtiers laughed at this demand of the Hindu, but the king's oldest son was very angry. The king, however, was of the opinion that he should allow the princess to marry the Hindu.

The prince began to fear that the king would grant the Hindu's demand, and said, "I hope your majesty will forgive me for daring to ask you if it is possible that you should hesitate a moment in denying the request of such an insolent beggar."

"My son," replied the king, "I approve of your zeal in defending our noble family, but you do not consider the great value of this horse. If I should refuse the offer, the Hindu may offer the horse somewhere else. I regard this horse as the most wonderful thing in the world, but before I make a bargain for him, I should be glad if you would examine the horse and give me your opinion."

The Hindu heard what the king said and thought that he was not opposed to taking the horse at his price. So he expressed much joy, helped the prince to mount, and showed him how to guide and manage the horse.

The prince mounted the horse, and as soon as his feet were in the stirrups, without waiting for more advice, he turned the peg he had seen the Hindu use, and mounted into the air as quickly as an arrow is shot from a bow. In a few moments the king, court and all the people lost sight of him. Neither horse nor prince could anywhere be seen.

The Hindu, alarmed at what had happened, threw himself on his face before the king and said, "Your majesty saw that the prince would not permit me to give him the necessary instructions to manage my horse. He was too anxious to show what he could do, but he does not know how to turn the horse around and bring him back again. Therefore, I ask that I may not be blamed for any accidents that may befall him."

This speech surprised the king, who saw the danger of his son, and he asked the Hindu why he had not called the prince back the moment he went.

"Your majesty saw as well as I with what swiftness the horse and the prince flew away," replied the Hindu. "If I had spoken, he would have been too far away to hear me. If he had heard me, he would not know the way to bring the horse back again because he would not wait to learn. But I hope that the prince will find the other peg; for, as soon as he turns that,

the horse will cease to rise, and the prince may then turn him toward any place he pleases."

The king was still frightened at the danger of his son and replied, "I fear that it is doubtful that my son will find the other peg and make the right use of it. May not the horse, instead of lighting on the ground, fall upon some rock, or tumble into the sea with him?"

"Your majesty," replied the Hindu, "the horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and always carries his rider wherever he has a mind to go. And you may be sure that if the prince finds the other peg, the horse will carry him to some place of safety."

"If my son does not return safe and sound in three days' time," said the king, "your head shall answer for his life."

Then he ordered his officers to keep the Hindu a prisoner; after which he retired to his palace, grieved because the New Year feast had brought him so much sorrow.

In the meantime the prince was carried swiftly through the air, and in less than an hour's time he was so high up that he could not clearly see anything on the earth. Then he began to think of returning and thought to do it by turning the same peg the other way, and pulling the bridle. But when he found that the horse still rose with the same swiftness, he was surprised. He turned the peg several times, first one

way and then the other, but all in vain. Soon he became aware of the mistake he had made in not taking time to learn to guide the horse before he mounted him. He understood the danger he was in, but it did not take away his reason. He examined the horse's head and neck with great care and behind the horse's right ear found another peg, smaller than the other. He turned that peg, and was delighted to see that the horse descended in the same manner as he had risen, but not as swiftly.

Night was already darkening the earth when the prince found and turned the small peg, and the horse began to descend. It soon grew quite dark, so that instead of choosing the place where he would land, he was forced to let the bridle lie upon the horse's neck and wait patiently till he alighted. He was filled with dread lest he should alight in a desert, a river, or in the sea.

The Palace of the Princess

At last, after midnight, the horse alighted, and the prince dismounted, faint and hungry, for he had eaten nothing since morning. The first thing he had to do was to find out where he was, and he soon found that he was on the roof of a palace. He groped about and soon found a flight of stairs.

Nobody else would have dared to go down those dark

stairs, but nothing could stop him. "I did not come," said he to himself, "to do anybody any harm, and any person who meets me will find that I have no arms in my hands." After saying this, he went softly down the stairs, and, when he came to the landing place, he found a door leading into a great hall with a light in it.

He stopped at the door, and, listening, heard no noise except the snoring of some persons who were fast asleep. He advanced into the room, and saw that the persons who were snoring were guards, with naked sabres by their sides. This was enough to show the prince that this was the guard-chamber of some queen or princess; and it proved to be the latter.

In the next room was the princess, as was shown by the light shining through the open door. The prince advanced on tiptoe, without waking the guards. The princess lay asleep on a sofa, and her maids were sleeping on the floor.

The prince fell in love with her at once. He gently woke her, and the princess opened her eyes without being frightened. Seeing the prince, she asked him what was the matter.

The prince bowed his head to the ground, and said, "Most noble princess, by the most wonderful adventure in the world have I come here. I am the son of the king of Persia, and yesterday morning I was with my

father at his court, celebrating a solemn feast. Now I am in a strange country, in danger of my life unless you have the goodness to give me your protection."

This princess was the princess of Bengal, oldest daughter of the king of that country, who had built this palace at a small distance from his capital, so she could enjoy the country. After she had heard the prince, she replied. "Prince, you are not in a barbarous country. Hospitality is as easily found in the kingdom of Bengal as in the kingdom of Persia."

The princess would not give him a chance to reply, but spoke to him as follows: "Although I desire to know by what miracle you have come here from Persia in so short a time, and by what chance you have been able to come into the palace, I will hear your story later and will now order my maids to give you some refreshments."

The maids of the princess took wax candles and conducted the prince to a handsome chamber, where they brought him all sorts of food; and when he had eaten, they removed the table and left him to rest.

The princess was so struck with the intelligence and the politeness of the prince that she could not sleep. When her maids came back to her room, she asked them if they had taken care of the prince and what they thought of him.

The maids answered: "We do not know what you

may think of him, but we think you would be very happy if the king should marry you to so amiable a prince, for there is none in all Bengal to be compared to him."

This flattering discourse was not displeasing to the princess, but she only told them not to talk such nonsense.

Next day the princess dressed herself very carefully, and sent to know if the prince was awake so she could pay him a visit.

The prince had rested from the fatigue of his journey, and when the lady in waiting had told her errand, he replied, "It shall be as the princess thinks fit. I am here to do exactly as she wishes."

As soon as the princess understood that the prince waited for her, she went to pay him a visit. After wishing him good day, the princess said, "Through my impatience to hear the surprising adventure which brought you here, I have come to this room so that we may not be interrupted. Therefore I beg you to begin at once."

The prince began with the feast, relating all the things that might interest her. After a while he came to the enchanted horse. The description of it convinced the princess that nothing else in all the world could be so remarkable.

For two whole months the prince remained the

guest of the princess, taking part in all the amusements she arranged for him. But after that time he said that he could not stay any longer, and begged permission to return to his father.

"And, princess," said the prince, "in order that you may not doubt the truth of what I say, I hope you will not be offended when I ask you to come with me to visit my father."

The princess at once consented to this. The only difficulty was that she thought the prince did not know very well how to manage the horse, and she was afraid of having some accident. But the prince removed her fear by telling her that she could trust herself with him. After the experience he had had, he defied the Hindu himself to manage the horse any better.

The Journey of the Prince and the Princess

The next morning before daybreak, they went out on the roof of the palace. The prince turned the horse towards Persia, and placed him where the princess could easily climb up to the saddle behind him. When she had done this, and was safely seated with her arms around the prince's waist, he turned the peg, and the horse mounted into the air with his usual speed and in two hours' time, they came in sight of the capital of Persia.

The prince would not alight in the great square

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from whence he had set out, nor in the sultan's palace, but directed his course towards a palace at a little distance from the town. He led the princess into a handsome apartment, where he asked her to wait while he went and informed his father of their arrival. He ordered the housekeeper of the palace to provide the princess with anything she wished.

As he passed through the streets, he was welcomed by the shouts of people, who were overjoyed to see him again. His father was at court when the prince appeared before him in the midst of his council. The sultan, embracing him with tears of joy, asked what had become of the Hindu's horse.

This question gave the prince an opportunity to tell of the danger he had been in when the horse mounted into the air with him, but how he had arrived at last at the palace of the princess of Bengal. He told of the kind reception he had met with there; and how, after promising to marry the princess, he had persuaded her to come with him to Persia. "But, sir," added the prince, "I have promised that you would not refuse your consent, and have brought her with me on the Hindu's horse, to a palace where your majesty often goes. I have left her there till I could return and assure her that my promise was not in vain."

After these words the prince fell on his face before the king to gain his consent, but his father raised him

up, embraced him a second time, and said, "My son, I not only consent to your marriage with the princess, but I will go and meet her myself, and celebrate your wedding this day."

Then the king gave orders for his court to make preparations for the wedding and gave orders for the Hindu to be let out of prison. When the Hindu was brought before the king, he said, "I secured your person so that your life might answer for that of my son, but, thank Heaven! I have found him again. Now take your horse and go, and never let me see your face again."

The Hindu had learned of those who brought him out of prison that the prince had returned, and had brought a princess with him on his horse, and was also informed of the place where he had left her.

As soon as he was out of the king's presence, he went direct to the palace, and told the housekeeper that he came from the king and the prince to bring the princess of Bengal to the city.

The housekeeper knew the Hindu, and knew that the king had imprisoned him, and she believed what he said, because he was at liberty. She took him to the princess, and as soon as the princess understood that he came from the prince, she consented to go with him.

The Hindu, overjoyed at his success, mounted his

horse, took the princess behind him, turned the peg, and presently the horse rose into the air with him and the princess.

At the same time the king, followed by his court, was on the way to the palace where the princess had been left, and the prince had ridden on before to prepare the princess to receive him, when the Hindu, to revenge himself for the ill-treatment he had received, passed over their heads with his prize.

When the king saw this he stopped. His grief was more keen because it was not in his power to punish the offender.

The Hindu was little moved by their curses, and continued on his way, while the king returned to his palace.

But what was the prince's grief to see the Hindu carry away the princess, whom he loved so dearly! He was thunderstruck at the sight. He could not decide what to do, and so continued his way to the palace where he had left his princess.

Soon he dressed himself in the suit of a dervish priest, took the box of jewels, which he had brought as a present to the princess, and left the palace. He was uncertain which way to go, but resolved not to return till he had found the princess and brought her back again.

In the meantime the Hindu managed his horse so

well that he arrived early in the evening at a wood near the capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. Being hungry, and thinking that the princess was hungry also, he alighted in an open part of the wood, and left the princess on a grassy spot, by a little stream of clear fresh water.

During the Hindu's absence, the princess, who knew that she was in the power of a wicked man, thought of running away from him; but she was so weak from want of food that she was forced to stay where she was.

The King of Cashmere

When the Hindu returned, she did not wait to be asked twice, but ate with him, and soon recovered her strength. Her cries attracted the attention of a company of horsemen, who happened to be the king of Cashmere and his attendants, returning from hunting.

The princess, who did not know the rank of the person who had come to her relief, said to the king, "Sir, whoever you are that Heaven has sent to my assistance, have pity on a poor princess, and take me away from this wicked Hindu. He has carried me away from Persia, and has brought me here on his enchanted horse."

The princess had no need to say any more to convince the king of Cashmere that she told the truth. Being enraged at the insolence of the Hindu, the king

of Cashmere ordered his guards to surround him and cut off his head. This was done immediately, as the Hindu had just been released from prison and had no weapon to defend himself.

The princess, thus delivered from the Hindu, fell into another danger. The king ordered a horse for her and carried her with him to his palace, where he lodged her in a finely furnished room next his own, and gave her a number of women slaves to attend her.

Before he left her, he said, "As I am certain that you must want rest, I take my leave of you till to-morrow, when you will be better able to tell me about this strange adventure."

The princess was full of joy at her deliverance. She was sure that the king of Cashmere would send her back to Persia when she told him her story, and asked that favor of him; but she was very much mistaken, for the king of Cashmere had resolved to marry her the next day. He had ordered rejoicings to be made at daybreak, by beating of drums and sounding of trumpets, which echoed not only through the palace, but throughout the city.

The princess was awakened by the noise. When the king came to inquire after her health, he told her that all those rejoicings were in honor of their wedding. This frightened the princess so much that she fainted away.

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The women slaves ran to her assistance, and the king did all he could to bring her to herself again. When her senses returned, she decided to pretend she was seized with madness rather than break the promise she had made to the prince, by consenting to marry the king of Cashmere.

When the king found that her condition became worse, he left her with her women, after charging them to take great care of her. He often sent to ask how she was; but received answer that she was worse instead of better. When night came, she seemed much worse than she had all day.

The princess talked wildly, and acted strangely next day and the following ones; so that the king was obliged to send for all the physicians of his court, to ask them if they could cure her.

The princess feared that if she let the physicians feel her pulse, they would soon know that she was in a good state of health, and that her madness was only pretended. So she flew into such a rage that she seemed ready to tear out their eyes if they came near her, and none of them dared approach her.

When the king of Cashmere saw that his court physicians could not cure her, he called in the most skillful doctors in the city, but they had no better success. Afterwards he sent for the most famous physicians in the kingdom, but they met with no

better reception than the others. Afterwards the king sent messengers to the neighboring courts, promising a handsome reward to any one who should cure the princess.

Many physicians came and undertook the cure; but none of them succeeded, since it was a case that did not depend on their skill, but on the will of the princess herself.

Meantime the prince, disguised as a dervish, had traveled through many countries, and endured much fatigue, not knowing which way to go. He made inquiry after the princess at every place he came to; till at last he heard the people talk of a princess of Bengal, who went mad on the day of her marriage with the king of Cashmere. As soon as he heard this he set out for the kingdom of Cashmere, and on his arrival at the capital he went and lodged at an inn, where he was again told the story of the princess and the unhappy fate of the Hindu. The prince knew that she was the princess he had so long sought.

The New Physician

The prince being informed of all these things, provided himself with a physician's robe, so that he passed for a physician, and went to the king's palace. Presenting himself to the chief officer, he told him that perhaps he might be looked upon as very bold to

offer to attempt the cure of the princess after so many had failed; but he hoped to find the right remedy.

It was a long time since any physician had offered himself, and the king of Cashmere had begun to lose hope of ever seeing the princess restored to her former health. He ordered the officer to bring in the physician at once.

The prince was presented to the king of Cashmere in the robe and disguise of a physician, and the king, without wasting any time, told him that the princess could not bear the sight of a physician without falling into the most violent anger. So he took him into a private room, from which, through a window, he could see the princess without being seen.

There the prince saw the lovely princess with tears in her eyes, and he knew that her illness was only pretended. When he came away he told the king that she was not incurable. But first he must speak to her in private, and he hoped she would hear him.

The king ordered the princess' door to be opened, and the prince went in. As soon as the princess saw him she took him for a physician and rose up in a rage. He only moved towards her, and said in a low voice, "Princess, I am not a physician, but the prince of Persia, and I have come to set you free."

The princess knew the sound of his voice at once, and a look of pleasure overspread her face. Fortunately

her surprise deprived her for the time of speech and gave the prince time to tell her of his grief when he saw the Hindu carry her away. He told her he had vowed never to return home till he had found her; and by what good fortune he had at last found her in the palace of the king of Cashmere.

At last the princess was able to tell how she had been rescued from the Hindu by the king as he was returning from hunting. She told him how she had been treated by the king because of his haste to marry her that very day, without even asking her consent. She also told how she had fainted, and had then pretended madness to save herself from the king.

Then the prince asked her if she knew what had become of the horse after the Hindu's death. She answered that she knew not what orders the sultan had given about it, but believed he would take care of it.

As the prince did not doubt that the king had the horse, he told the princess he intended making use of it to carry them both back to Persia. After they had talked over plans for their escape, they agreed that the princess should next day receive the king civilly, but without speaking to him.

The king was overjoyed when the prince told him the effect of his first visit on the princess. And next day, when the princess received him in such a pleasant manner, he looked upon the prince as the greatest

physician in the world, and was sure she would recover her health.

The prince, who went with the king, asked him if he might inquire how the princess came into the kingdom of Cashmere alone, since her country was so far off?

The king, who did not suspect the prince's reason for asking this question, concealed nothing, but told him much the same story as the princess had told; and added that the enchanted horse was kept safe in his treasury as a great curiosity, although he did not know the use of it.

"The information which your majesty gives me," replied the pretended physician, "provides me a means of curing the princess. As she was brought here on this horse, and the horse is enchanted, she has received some of the enchantment, which must be driven back into the horse. If your majesty should wish to see the most surpassing sight that ever was seen, let the horse be brought into the great square before the palace, and leave the rest to me. In a few moments' time I promise to show you the princess of Bengal as well in body and mind as she ever was in her life."

Early the next day, the enchanted horse was placed in the great square before the palace. A report was spread through the town that there was something wonderful to be seen, and crowds of people assembled.

The king of Cashmere, surrounded by all his min-

isters, sat on a platform erected on purpose. The princess of Bengal, attended by a number of ladies, went up to the enchanted horse and the women helped her to mount. When she was seated in the saddle, and had the bridle in her hand, the pretended physician placed around the horse a great many pans full of fire. Then he cast a pleasant perfume into the pans, and with his hands upon his breast ran three times around the horse, pronouncing certain words. In a moment the pans sent forth a dark cloud of smoke, which so surrounded the princess that neither she nor the horse could be seen.

Without a moment's delay the prince nimbly jumped up behind her and turned the peg. Just as the horse rose into the air with them, he shouted: "King of Cashmere, when you wish to marry a princess, first obtain her consent."

Thus the prince with the princess arrived that same day in the capital of Persia and alighted on the grounds of the palace. The king delayed the marriage no longer than was necessary and after the days of rejoicing were over, his first care was to appoint an ambassador to go and give the king of Bengal an account of what had happened, and to ask his approval of the marriage. The king of Bengal took this as an honor, and granted the request with pleasure.

—*The Arabian Nights.*

READING HELPS

The meanings given to words in the following lists are intended only to explain their use in this reader.

The following letter-sounds are used to indicate the pronunciation of difficult words:

ā as in āle
ă as in ăm
ä as in ärm
å as in åsk
ą as in ąll
â as in câre

ē as in ēve
ĕ as in ĕnd
ē as in fērn

ī as in īce
ĭ as in ĭt
ī as in fīrst

ō as in ōld
ŏ as in nŏt
ô as in ôrb
o͞o as in fo͞od
o͝o as in fo͝ot

ū as in pūre
ŭ as in ŭp
û as in ûrn

THE STORY ON THE PLATE (Page 3)

Chinese (chī-nēz′).
Li Chi (lē chē′).
duke: a nobleman of high rank.
Chang (chăng).
secretary (sĕk′rĕ-tā-ry): a person employed to attend to the letters and the papers of another.
carp (kärp): a kind of fish.
necklace (nĕk′lās).
preparations (prĕp-å-rā′shŭns): arrangements made beforehand.
ceiling (sēl′ĭng).
refused (rē-fūsd′): declined to accept.
concealed (kŏn-sēld′): kept out of sight.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who was Li Chi? 2. Where did she live? 3. What is a two-story house? 4. What tree did Li Chi like best? 5. Of what material were her favorite dresses made? 6. Who was

Chang? 7. Whom did the nobleman wish Li Chi to marry? 8. When did he say she should be married? 9. How did Chang send a message to Li Chi? 10. How did Chang find out when the wedding was to be? 11. What preparations were made for the wedding? 12. Why did Li Chi refuse to wear the wedding gown? 13. How did Chang get into the nobleman's house? 14. How did Chang and Li Chi escape from the house? 15. Who followed them? 16. How did the good fairies save Li Chi and Chang from the angry nobleman?

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER (Page 10)

belated (bē-lāt'ĕd): late.

surprise (sûr-prīz'): something that was not expected.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. Why was the rosebud unhappy? 2. Why did she call herself belated? 3. What did she do when she found out she was mistaken?

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (Page 11)

Denmark (dĕn'märk): a country of Europe.

vegetables (vĕg'ē-tȧ-bls): plants.

foundation (foun-dā'shŭn): beginning.

Copenhagen (kō-pĕn-hā'gĕn): a city in Denmark.

opportunities (ŏp-pôr-tū'nĭ-tĭs): chances.

abundant (ȧ-bŭn'dănt): plentiful.

permanently (pĕr'mȧ-nĕnt-lĭ): for all time.

brief (brēf): short.

persuaded (pĕr-swād'ĕd): convinced.

THE CONCEITED APPLE BRANCH (Page 13)

conceited (kŏn-sēt'ĕd): vain.

delicate (dĕl'ĭ-kăt): dainty.

sheltered (shĕl'tĕrd): covered.

parasol (par'ȧ-sŏl).

certain (sĕr'tĭn): definite.

bouquet (bōō-kā').

garlands (gär'lănds): wreaths.

injure (ĭn'jūr): harm.

removed (rē-mōōvd'): taken away.

wonderfully (wŭn'dĕr-fŭl-ly): full of surprise.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who took away the apple branch? 2. Where did she place it? 3. How did the apple blossom feel toward other flowers? 4. Which blossom did she pity most of all? 5. How did the sunbeam treat the different plants? 6. Which flower did the children choose in their play? 7. How was the dandelion useful? 8. What did the young lady bring when she came into the room again? 9. How did the apple branch feel then?

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING (Page 19)

spreading: with branches reaching far out on the sides.
hoary (hōry): white.
odors: smells.
pouting: putting out their lips.
crumpled (krŭm'pld): pressed together.
petals (pĕt'ăls): the colored leaves of a flower.
cascades (kăs-kādz'): small waterfalls.
brooklets: tiny brooks.
brawling: making a confused noise.
precious (prĕsh'ŭs): having great value.
render: give.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. Why is an apple orchard fragrant in the spring? 2. Why are apple trees spreading trees? 3. What does "wealth of promised glory" mean? 4. What does "pink cascades are falling" mean? 5. Why are "silver brooklets brawling" in the spring?

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP (Page 21)

shepherdess (shĕp'ĕrd-ĕs): a woman who tends sheep.
curious (kū'rĭ-ŭs): strange.
porcelain (pôr'sē-lĭn): a kind of earthenware.
gilt: gold laid on the surface on anything.
mahogany (mā-hŏg'ăny): wood from a tree found in tropical parts of America.
direction (dĭ-rĕk'shŭn): a line leading toward something.
perfectly (pĕr'fĕckt-ly): without fault.
rivet (rĭv'ĕt): a small bolt, one end of which is hammered down to fasten it.
accident (ăk'sĭ-dĕnt): something that was not expected.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. What is a chimney sweep? 2. What can you tell about the cupboard? 3. What was the name of the man on the door? 4. Who was standing on the table? 5. Why did the shepherdess weep? 6. What did she ask the chimney sweep to do? 7. How did he take the shepherdess out into the wide world? 8. How did she feel when they reached the top of the chimney? 9. Where did they find the Chinaman when they returned? 10. What did the chimney sweep say when they had climbed back on the table again? 11. How was the Chinaman mended? 12. Why didn't he bother the shepherdess and the chimney sweep after that?

THE NIGHTINGALE (Page 29)

nightingale (night'ĭn-gāl): a bird that sings at night.
emperor (ĕm'pĕr-ẽr): a ruler greater than a king.
palace (păl'ās): the residence of the emperor.
splendid: fine to look at.
noticing (nōt'ĭs-ing): looking at.
chamberlain (chām'bẽr-lĭn): one of the high officers of the emperor.
remarkable (rē-märk'ă-bl): much talked about.
mentioned (mĕn'shŭnd): spoken of.
majesty (măj'ĕs-ty): a title used in addressing the emperor.
Japan: an island country near China.
determined (dē-tẽr'mĭnd): decided.
trampled: walked on.
permission (pẽr-mĭsh'ŭn): consent.
lowing: a sound made by a cow.
gracious (grā'shŭs): willing to do favors.
greenwood: woods in summer.
diamonds (dī'ă-mŭnds): precious stones.
rubies (rū'bēs): precious stones having a red color.
physicians (fĭ–zish'ănz)
banished (băn'ĭsht): driven away and told not to return.
peasant (pĕz'ănt): a poor person in some countries who is bought and sold with the land.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Where did the emperor live? 2. Why were bells tied to the flowers in the garden? 3. What bird lived in the forest? 4. Who heard the nightingale sing? 5. Who had not heard the nightingale sing? 6. How did he happen to find out about it? 7. Who was the only person in the palace who had heard the nightingale sing? 8. Who went to the forest to look for the nightingale?

9. Why did the nightingale come to the palace? 10. Why didn't he like to stay there? 11. What was in the package that was sent to the emperor? 12. Why didn't the toy-nightingale and the real bird sing well together? 13. Why did the emperor like the toy bird? 14. What became of the real bird? 15. What happened to the toy-nightingale one night? 16. What can you tell about the emperor after five years had passed by? 17. How was the emperor cured? 18. Where did the nightingale live after that?

THE SILVER SHILLING (Page 39)

shilling (shĭl'ling): an English coin worth about twenty-four cents.
mint: a place where coins are made.
coined: made into money.
service (sĕr'vĭs): use.
miserable (mĭz'ĕr-à-bl): very unhappy.
conscience (kŏn'shĕns): one's power to know right from wrong.
innocent (ĭn'nō-sĕnt): not guilty.
shuddered (shŭd'dĕrd): shook with fear.
deceive (dē-sēv'): make some one believe something that is not true.
disgrace (dĭs-grās'): something that would make one ashamed.
confidence (kŏn'fĭ-dĕns): trust.
expression (ĕx-prĕsh'ŭn): look.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. What was the first thing the shilling said? 2. How was he treated by different persons? 3. How did he happen to travel in foreign countries? 4. How did he get out of the pocket? 5. What did the person who received him in trade say? 6. What did the old woman do with the shilling? 7. Why did she make a hole in it? 8. What did the little boy's mother do with the shilling? 9. Who received the coin at last? 10. Why did he smile? 11. What did he do with the shilling? 12. What did the shilling say when he reached home again?

THE QUEST (Page 47)

content (kŏn-tĕnt'): satisfied.
costliest (cŏst'lĭ-ĕst): those for which the most money was paid.
wistful (wĭst'fŭl): eager.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. Where did the restless boy live? 2. Why was he restless? 3. Why did he decide to travel? 4. Where did he expect to go? 5. Do you think his mother was afraid he would not come back? 6. How did he like the other homes that he saw? 7. Why did his mother smile when her boy returned? 8. What question did she ask? 9. What was the answer?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (Page 48)

Nathaniel Hawthorne (nȧ-than'ĭ-ĕl hąw'thôrn).
authors (ą'thĕrs): those who write books.
Salem (sā'lĕm).
Massachusetts (măs-sā-chū'sĕts).
Worcester (wo͝os'tẽr).
dictionary (dĭk'shŭn-ā*r*y).
information (ĭn-fôr-mā'shŭn): facts about something.
quarrelsome: ready to quarrel.
disposition (dĭs-pō-zĭsh'ŭn): temper.
wilderness (wĭl'dẽr-nĕs): a place where no people lived.
partridge (pär'trĭj): a game bird.
henhawk: a hawk that hunts for young chickens.
Sebago Lake (sē-bā'gō lāk'): a lake in the southern part of Maine.
refuge (rĕf'ūj): a place or rest of safety.
diary (dĭ'ā-ry).
interesting (ĭn'trĕst-ĭng): likely to hold one's attention.
swapped (swŏpt): traded.
Quaker: a member of the Society of Friends.
diseases (dĭz-ēs'ĕs): illnesses.
ancestor (ăn'sĕst-ẽr): forefather.
image (ĭm'ăj): a likeness as seen in a mirror.
resemble (rē-sĕm'bl): is like.

THE SNOW IMAGE (Page 52)

modest: shy.
scarlet (skär'let): bright red.
hardware: articles made of tin and iron.
common-sense: having good judgment.
floundered (floun'derd): awkwardly walked about.
purpose (pûr'pŭs): intention.
provide (prō-vīd'): furnish.
created (krē-āt'ĕd): made by God.
mantle (măn'tl): covering.
gravity (grăv'ĭ-ty): serious.
miracles (mĭr'ȧ-kls): things that are contrary to the laws of nature.
observe (ŏb-sẽrv'): see.
figure (fĭg'ūr): the appearance of her person.
prattling (prăt'ling): idle talk.
trampling: pressing down with their feet.

deserve (dē-sĕrv′): ought to have.
spirit (spĭr′ĭt): mind.
dazzled: shone brightly.
distinctly: clearly.
human: belonging to a person.
sculptor (skŭlp′tĕr): one who makes images.
cunningly: with skill.
wholesome (hōl′sŭm): good for one's health.
icicles (ī′sĭ-klz).
pronouncing (prō-nouns′ing): saying plainly.
syllables (sĭl′ȧ-bls): parts of a word each of which form one sound.
deliberately (dē-lĭb′ĕr-āt-ly): slowly.
calmness (käm′nĕs): quietness.
proposed (prō-pōsd′): suggested.
summon (sŭm′mŭn): call.
threshold (thrĕsh′ōld): the floor of a doorway.
nevertheless: not the less.
surface (sûr′fās): the upper side.
tingling: stinging.
natural (năt′ū-răl): not artificial.
hesitated (hĕs′ĭ-tāt-ed): paused.
pilot cloth: cloth used in sailors' suits.
bleak (blēk): cold.
wraith (rāth): an image.
absurd (ăb-sûrd′): ridiculous.
spite of: notwithstanding.
frostbitten: frozen.
delicious (dē-lĭsh′ŭs): pleasing.
intensity (ĭn-tĕn′sĭ-ty): severity.
perplexity (pĕr-plĕx′ĭ-ty): doubt.
explanation (ĕx-plā-nā′shŭn).
trace: track.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Why were the children called Violet and Peony? 2. When did they ask to go out and play? 3. What can you tell about their father? 4. What does "a touch of poetry" mean? 5. What can you tell about the home of the children? 6. Why did Violet say that Peony looked like a snow image? 7. What did the children decide to make? 8. Who watched the children as they played? 9. What took part of the mother's attention? 10. Of what were the eyes of the snow image made? 11. What did the children expect the snow image would be able to do? 12. What did Peony expect her to drink? 13. How did the children try to make her lips red? 14. Why did the snow birds fly to the snow image? 15. Why didn't the children like to take hold of the hands of the snow child? 16. What did the mother do when she saw the snow child playing with the children? 17. What did the children's father say when he saw them? 18. What did he do? 19. What happened when he went to look for the child's parents?

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY (Page 67)

Daffydowndilly (dăf'fy-down-dĭl'ly).
Adam: the first man.
Eden: the home of the first man.
inclined (ĭn-klīnd'): liable.
customs (kŭs'tŭms): ways.
disagreeable (dĭs-ă-grē'ă-bl): unpleasant.
stalked (stąkt): walked watchfully.
indulgent (ĭn-dŭl'gĕnt): favoring.
woeful (wō'fŭl): sad.
trudging (trŭg'ing): walking wearily.
accepted (ăk-sĕp'tĕd): received.
dismal (dĭz'măl): gloomy.
elderly (ĕl'dĕr-ly): rather old.
employer (ĕm-ploi'ĕr): one who hires another.
clapboards (klăb'bords): overlapping boards on the outside of a house.
compasses (kŭm'păs-ĕs): a tool used for drawing circles.
taskmaster: one who makes others work.
epaulets (ĕp'a-lĕts): ornaments on the shoulders of a soldier's coat.
mansions (măn'shŭns): costly houses.
pretends (pre-tĕnds'): makes believe.
magician (mā-jĭsh'ăn): one who uses magic.
acquainted (ăk-kwānt'ed): knew.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Why was Daffydowndilly given that name? 2. Where was he sent when he was a little boy? 3. Who was his schoolmaster? 4. How old was he? 5. Why did Mr. Toil seem so disagreeable to some of the boys in his school? 6. What did Daffydowndilly decide to do? 7. What companion did he have? 8. Why was he afraid of the haymakers? 9. Why was he afraid of the carpenters? 10. Why was he afraid of the soldiers? 11. Why was he afraid of the fiddler? 12. Why was he afraid of the idlers? 13. What did Daffydowndilly at last decide to do? 14. What did he suddenly notice about his companion? 15. What did he learn from his experiences?

JIM CROW (Page 79)

hue (hū): color.
somber (sŏm'br): sad.
wary (wā'ry): watchful.
code (kōd): rule.
vogue (vōg): fashion.
harken: listen.
grating: with a harsh sound.
lore (lōr): wisdom.
atmosphere (ăt'mŏs-fēr): air.
ken: sight.
talents (tăl'ĕnts): ability.
flat: too low a tone.
lapse (lăps): break.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. To whom is the poet talking? 2. What is the first question? 3. Why is Jim Crow's coat gloomy? 4. Do you know any birds that have feathers that change color with the seasons? 5. What is the poet's second question? 6. Which of the farmer's crops does the crow sometimes harm? 7. What does the farmer do to prevent this? 8. What answer does the crow always give?

THE STORY OF TROUBLE (Page 81)

Ivan (ē'vän).
feast (fēst): a banquet.
monster: a huge creature.
creature (krē'tūr).
harrows: farm implements.
treasure (trĕs'ūr): something of great value.
torment: make unhappy.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. About whom is the story told? 2. How did the two brothers differ from each other? 3. Why did Peter go to his rich brother? 4. Why did he delay when the week was up? 5. How was he treated at the feast? 6. What frightened him when he was going home? 7. Why is trouble an ugly monster? 8. What did the monster do? 9. Why did Peter go to look for the treasure? 10. Who helped him get the treasure? 11. How did Peter get rid of the monster? 12. What did he do with the money in the jar? 13. How did Ivan feel about his brother's good fortune? 14. What did Ivan decide to do? 15. What happened to him? 16. Which was the wiser of the two brothers?

THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR (Page 87)

valiant (văl'yănt): brave.
grumbling: finding fault in a low tone.
snipe (snīp): blockhead.
respect (rē-spĕkt'): have a good opinion of.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. What attracted the tailor's attention? 2. Why did the woman hurry up his steps? 3. Why did she grumble when she went away? 4. What did the tailor do with the jam? 5. Why

did he become angry? 6. What did he do? 7. Why did he make the girdle? 8. What did he take with him when he went away? 9. Whom did he see beside the road? 10. What did the giant say to the tailor? 11. In what ways did the giant test his strength? 12. What happened at the cherry tree? 13. How did the tailor escape from the giant's house? 14. What made the king afraid of the tailor? 15. How did the tailor kill the giants? 16. How was he rewarded? 17. Do you think the tailor was valiant? 18. Why?

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER (Page 96)

rival: equal.
thriftless (thrĭft'lĕs): not accustomed to save.
vagrant (vā'grănt): a beggar.
gentians (gĕn'shŭns): fall flowers.
aftermaths (ăf'tĕr-măths): the grass that grows in the field after the hay has been cut.
freighting (frāt'ing): loading.
haunts (hänts): places where they are accustomed to go.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. What are some of the things that make June a delightful month? 2. Which month does the poet think is better than June? 3. What is "bright blue weather"? 4. What are some of the things that make October so delightful? 5. What does "count like misers" mean?

ROBINSON CRUSOE (Page 98)

opportunities (ŏp-pŏr-tū'nĭ-tēs).
position (pō-zĭsh'ŭn): condition of living.
leisure (lē'zhŭr): spare time.
trough (trôf).
Yarmouth (yär'mŭth).
Guinea (gĭn'ē): a country in Africa.
pounds: English money worth about five dollars.
mate: the captain's first assistant.
Canary Islands: islands near the coast of Africa.
pirates (pī'răts): sea-robbers.
Portuguese (pôr-tū-gēs'): belonging to Portugal.
Moor: a native of Morocco.
Xury (zōō'ry).
deliverance (dē-lĭv'ĕr-ăns): escape from.
Mahomet (mā-hŏm'ĕt): the founder of a religion.
fowling-pieces: guns used in hunting game birds.
vast: wide.

Brazil (brā-zĭl′): a country of South America.
pieces of eight: silver coins.
persuaded (pĕr-swād′ĕd): made to believe.
hurricane (hŭr′rĭ-kān): violent storm.
abated (ă-bāt′ĕd): diminished.
observation: finding the location of a ship at sea.
rudder (rŭd′dĕr): the part of a ship by which it is steered.
committed (kŏm-mĭt′tĕd): trusted.
destruction (dē-strŭk′shŭn).
clambered (klăm′bĕrd): climbed awkwardly.
protection (prō-tĕx′shŭn): care.
bulged: spread apart.
yards: pieces of wood by which sails are fastened to the masts.
encourage (ĕn-kŭr′aj): cheer.
habitation (hăb-ĭ-tā′shŭn): house.
continent (kŏn′tĭ-nĕnt): one of the great bodies of land.
barren (băr′rĕn): without vegetation.
creation (krē-ā′shŭn): beginning of the world.
innumerable (ĭn-nū′mĕr-ă-bl): too many to be counted.
resembled (rē-zĕm′bld): was like.
surrounded (sûr-round′ĕd): placed around.
magazine (măg-ă-zēn′): supply of arms and supplies.
channel (chăn′l): the place where water flows.
pitch: place.
semi-diameter (sĕm-ĭ-dī-ăm′ē-tĕr): half the distance through a circle.
cable (kā′bl): heavy rope.
fortified (fôr′tĭ-fīd): made like a fort.
violent (vī′ō-lĕnt): severe.
terrace (tĕr′rās): a raised level place.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. What did Robinson Crusoe decide to do when he was a boy? 2. Why was his father unwilling to have him go to sea? 3. What can you tell about Crusoe's first voyage? 4. Why did Crusoe go to sea again after he landed at Yarmouth? 5. How did he become a slave? 6. How did he escape from his master? 7. Whom did he take with him? 8. Why did Crusoe leave Brazil? 9. What happened to the ship on which he sailed? 10. How did the sailors try to save themselves? 11. What happened to Crusoe after the boat was upset? 12. How many were saved? 13. Why was Crusoe so alarmed after he had reached the shore? 14. How did he spend the first night on shore? 15. What happened to the ship during the night? 16. Why did Crusoe visit the ship? 17. What did he take away with him? 18. How was he able to do this? 19. What place did Crusoe choose for his home? 20. Why did he set up a tent over his supplies? 21. How many articles can you remember that Crusoe saved from the ship? 22. How many

times did he visit it? 23. Why was his home well located? 24. How did he protect it?

A VISIT FROM THE SEA (Page 129)

beaches: sandy shores.
lea: meadow.
ledges (lĕj'ĕs): layers of rocks.
trooping: walking in groups.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. What is a sea-gull? 2. Where would you expect to find one? 3. What question is asked in the first stanza? 4. What is meant by "inland garden"? 5. Where are the things that the sea-gull is fond of? 6. Why isn't the water in the river the kind of water that the sea-gull likes? 7. To what is a sea-gull away from the ocean compared in the fifth stanza? 8. What is the last thing that the poet says?

A DOG OF FLANDERS (Page 130)

Belgian (bĕl'jĭ-ăn): belonging to Belgium.
Nello (nĕl'ō).
Flemish (flĕm'ĭsh): living in Flanders.
Patrasche (pă-träs'ē).
Antwerp (ănt'wĕrp): a city of Belgium.
score (skōr): twenty.
landmark: an object that is easily seen and shows the location of something.
Napoleon (nà-pō'lĕ-ŭn): a French general.
rheumatic (rū-măt'ĭk): a painful disease of the muscles.
Daas (däs).
support (sŭp-pōrt'): supply with necessities.
Nicholas (nĭk'ō-lăs).
herbs (ûrbs): a plant growing from seed, but not having a woody stem.
paradise (păr'à-dīz): heaven.
centuries (sĕn'tū-rĭz): periods of one hundred years.
Rubens (rū'bĕnz): a painter who lived in Antwerp.
assailed (ăs-sāld'): attacked.
Louvain (lōō-văn'): a city of Belgium.
charity: something that is given to one in need.
befriended (bē-frĕnd'ĕd): was friendly to.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. What is the name of the little boy in the story? 2. In what country did he live? 3. What friend did he have? 4. What can you tell about the ages of the two? 5. Why was one young when

the other was old? 6. Near what city was their home? 7. Why was the windmill a landmark? 8. With whom did Nello and Patrasche live? 9. What can you tell about Patrasche? 10. How did he fall into the hands of John Daas? 11. How did John Daas earn his living? 12. Why was that hard work for him? 13. What did the dog do one morning? 14. How was the milk sold when John Daas became unable to go?

THE SANDPIPER (Page 140)

driftwood (drĭft'wood): wood cast upon the shore.
bleached (blēcht): with the color taken away.
raves (rāvs): talks or acts like a crazy person.
sullen (sŭl'lĕn): angry
shrouds: covers.
close-reefed (klōs-rēft'): with shortened sails.
skims: touches the water as he flies.
fitful (fĭt'fŭl): unsteady.
drapery (drā'pĕr-y): loose garments.
scans: looks at.
stanch (stănch): strong.
wroth (rŏth): angry.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who was on the beach? 2. What was the poet doing? 3. What is driftwood? 4. What in the second stanza tells you that a strong wind is blowing? 5. To what are the lighthouses compared? 6. Why are sails close-reefed in a storm? 7. How do you know the sandpiper was not afraid of the poet? 8. Why wasn't the poet anxious about the safety of the sandpiper?

THE AMERICAN INDIANS (Page 142)

explorers (ĕx-plōr'ĕrz): those who carefully examine a place.
Atlantic (ăt-lăn'tĭk).
roving (rōv'ing): wandering.
tribes: groups of people who live together.
various (vā'rĭ-ŭs): different.
Mohegans (mō-hē'gănz).
Pequots (pē'quō).
Narragansetts (năr-ă-găn'sĕtz).
Algonquins (ăl-gŏn'kwĭnz).
Iroquois (ĭr'ō-kwoi).
mode (mōd): manner.
hemp (hĕmp): a plant from which rope is made.
confined (kŏn-fīnd'): kept.
endurance (ĕn-dūr'ăns): lasting strength.
tanning (tăn'ning): changing skin into leather by soaking in some liquid.

colonists (kŏl'ō-nĭsts): the first settlers.
councils (koun'sĭls): meetings.
Puritan (pū'rĭ-tăn): one of the early settlers of Massachusetts.
indignation (ĭn-dĭg-nā'shŭn): anger.
tattooed (tăt-tōōd'): having some figure pricked in the skin with a needle and colored ink.
mortars (môr'tẽrz): shallow bowls in which grain is powdered.
wampum (wŏm'pŭm): Indian money.
ingenious (ĭn-jēn'yŭs): clever.
tapering (tā'pẽr-ing): coming to a point.
thongs: thin straps.
distinguished (dĭs-tĭn-gwĭsht): told from others.
totem (tō'tĕm).
sachem (sā'chĕm).
territory (tĕr-rĭ-tō'ry): tract of land.
traditions (trā-dĭsh'ŭnz): things that have been told from father to son for a long time.
particularly (pär-tĭk'ū-lẽr-ly): more than usually.
addressed: spoke to.
missionaries (mĭsh'ŭn-ā-rĭz): persons sent with a message.
legends (lĕj'ĕnz): old stories, which may or may not be true.
supple (sŭp'l): easily bent.
ceremonies (sĕr'ē-mō-nĭz): religious customs.
hovering (hŭv'ẽr-ing): hanging over something.
brandishing (brăn'dĭsh-ing): waving.
chant: sing.
desperately (dĕs'pẽr-āt-ly): without looking out for their own safety.
tomahawk (tŏm'ȧ-hąk).
diminishing (dĭ-mĭn'ĭsh-ing): growing less.
pestilence (pĕs'tĕ-lĕns): disease.
reservation (rĕs-ẽr-vā'shŭn): places kept for their use.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who lived in North America before the white settlers came? 2. What can you tell about their appearance? 3. What are the names of some of the tribes? 4. How did the Indians differ from each other? 5. How were they alike? 6. What was the food of the Indians? 7. What can you tell about their houses? 8. What useful articles did they make? 9. What was wampum? 10. What can you tell about the medicine men? 11. How did the Indians treat the white settlers? 12. Where do most of the Indians now live.

HIAWATHA (Page 154)

Tawasentha (tąw'ȧ-sĕn-thĕ).
Nawadaha (nä-wä-dä'hä).
Gitche Gumee (gĭ'chē gū'mē).
Nokomis (nō-kō'mĭs).
sinews (sĭn'ūz): cords.
Iagoo (ē-ä'gō).
Opeche (ō-pē'chē).
Owaissa (o-wa-ĭs'sȧ).

Adjidaumo (ăd-jĭ-dą'mō).
ford: a place in a stream shallow enough for one to cross.
flecked (flĕkt): spotted.
palpitated (păl'pĭ-tāt-ĕd): beat violently.
exulted (ĕx-ŭlt'ĕd): rejoiced.
Soan-ge-taha (sŏn gē'tä-hä).
Mahn-go-taysee (măn gō tä'sē).
Cheemaun (chē-maun').
sheer: straight up and down.
wedge: a piece of wood or iron shaped like an ax.
pliant (plī'ănt): easily bent.
resistance (rē-zĭst'ăns): strength to hold.
tamarack (tăm'ą-răk).
fissure (fĭsh'ūr).
Kagh (kä).
wrought (rąt): worked.
resplendent (rē-splĕn'dent): shining.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. Who sang the song of Hiawatha? 2. Where did Hiawatha live? 3. What is the Big Sea Water? 4. Who cared for Hiawatha in his childhood? 5. How did Hiawatha learn about the birds and the beasts? 6. Who made the bow and arrow for Hiawatha? 7. How did Hiawatha feel when he saw the deer? 8. How did he feel as he bore the red deer homeward? 9. Why did the Indians have a feast? 10. Of what did Hiawatha make his canoe? 11. Why did he have to have the bark in one piece? 12. How did the cedar help Hiawatha? 13. How did the larch help him? 14. How did the fir help him? 15. How did Hiawatha decorate his canoe? 16. What was the last thing the poet said about the canoe?

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (Page 166)

Gulliver (gŭl'ĭ-vĕr).
estate (ĕs-tāt'): property left one by his parents.
Nottinghamshire (nŏt'ing-hăm-shēr).
apprentice (ăp-prĕn'tĭs): helper.
navigation (năv-ĭ-gā'shŭn): sailing.
Antelope (ăn'tē-lōp).
prosperous (prŏs'pĕr-ŭs): favorable.
Van Dieman's (văn dē'măns): near the southern part of Africa.
utterly ŭt'ĕr-ly): completely.
ventured (vĕn'tūrd): risked himself.
volley (vŏl'ly): flight of arrows.
hogshead (hŏgs'hed): a barrel holding sixty-three gallons.
capital (kăp'ĭ-tl): place of government.
smiths: those who work with metals.
estimated (ĕs'tĭ-māt-ĕd): judged.
dismounted (dĭs-mount'ĕd): came down from his horse.
reigned (rānd): ruled.
issued (ĭsh'ūd): sent out.

famine (făm'ĭn): scarcity of food.
poisoned (poi'zŭnd).
translated (trăns-lāt'ĕd): changed from one language to another.
motion (mō'shŭn): movement.
Lilliputians (lĭl-lĭ-pū'shŭnz): people who live in the country of Lilliput.
cautioned (kạ'shŭnd): warned.
invasion (ĭn-vāsh'ŭn): hostile entering into the country.
Blefuscu (blĕ-fŭs'kū).
sole (sōl): only.
monarch (mŏn'ärk): ruler.
embassy (ĕm'băs-sy): messengers sent by the emperor.
ambassadors (ăm-băs'sā-dŏrz): the members of an embassy.
notified (nō'tĭ-fīd): given word.
multitude (mŭl'tĭ-tūd): crowd.
native (nā'tĭv): the place in which was born.
lee (lē): away from the wind.
discharged (dĭs-chärgd'): shot off.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. How did Gulliver happen to become a sailor? 2. What happened to the ship on his first voyage? 3. How many were saved from the wreck? 4. How did Gulliver reach the land? 5. What happened while he was asleep? 6. Why did he free one of his arms when he awoke? 7. What did the little people give him to eat? 8. How was he taken to the capital? 9. Why did the emperor spare Gulliver's life? 10. Where was he imprisoned? 11. Upon what condition was he set free? 12. How did he capture the enemy's fleet? 13. How did Gulliver offend the emperor? 14. How did he find out that the emperor had decided to put him to death? 15. How did he escape? 16. Why didn't the emperor of Blefuscu send Gulliver back? 17. How did he happen to get a boat? 18. How did the people of Blefuscu help him to prepare for his voyage? 19. What did he take with him? 20. What can you tell about his return home?

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF (Page 193)

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who is telling the story? 2. To whom is he telling it? 3. Where had the father been lost? 4. What dangers surrounded him? 5. What was the "pine tree roof"? 6. Where did the traveler take shelter? 7. Who came to keep him company? 8. Why was the wolf so tame and harmless?

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE (Page 195)

unusual (ŭn-ūs'ū-ăl): uncommon.
christening (krĭs'ning): naming.
elegant (ĕl'ĕ-gănt): costly.
Dolorez (dō'lōrz).
gayeties (gā'ĕ-tĭz).
coronets (kŏr'ō-nĕtz): small crowns.
energy (ĕn'ĕr-gy): force.
disaster (dĭs-ăs'tĕr): misfortune.
heralds (hĕr'ălds): persons who called out good and bad news.
pages (pāgz): youths who attended noblemen.
intolerable (ĭn-tŏl'ĕr-ȧ-bl): not endurable.
festivities (fĕs-tĭv'ĭ-tĭz): gayeties.
bewildered (bē-wĭl'dĕrd): confused.
misfortune (mĭs-fôr'tūn): bad luck.
established (ĕs-tăb'lĭsht): moved into.
coincidence (kō-ĭn'sĭ-dĕns): agreement.
delicacy (dĕl'ĭ-kȧ-sy): weakness.
indignantly (ĭn-dĭg'nănt-ly): in wrath.
recollected (rĕk-ŏl-lĕk'tĕd): remembered.
influence (ĭnflū-ĕns): power over others.
regent (rē'jĕnt): one who ruled in place of another.
flourishing (flŭr'ĭsh-ing): prosperous.
attaining (ăt-tān'ing): obtaining.
apparently (ăp-pâr'ĕnt-ly): as far as could be seen.
criminal (krĭm'ĭ-năl): a law-breaker.
sentence: punishment.
pretence (prē-tĕns'): make believe.
condemned (kŏn-dĕmd'): found guilty.
occasionally (ŏk-kā'shun-al-ly): sometimes.
ordinary (ŏr'dĭ-nā-ry): common.
examining (ĕx-ăm'ĭn-ing): carefully looking at.
exceedingly (ĕk-sēd'ing-ly): very.
sensation (sĕn-sā'shŭn): feeling.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Who was the only person that was not happy when the little prince was born? 2. Why was he unhappy? 3. What happened to the prince just before the christening? 4. How many names were given to the prince? 5. Why was the nurse angry at the little woman in gray? 6. What did the little woman in gray name the prince? 7. What happened to the prince's mother? 8. What did the king do when he discovered that Prince Dolor could not walk? 9. Who ruled the land after the king's death? 10. What happened to Prince Dolor? 11. What can you tell about the prince's strange home? 12. Why did the little woman in gray visit Prince Dolor here? 13. How did the traveling cloak give pleasure to the prince?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (Page 224)

Hesperus (hĕs'pĕ-rŭs).

wharves (whąrvs): docks.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH (Page 225)

brawny (brąn'y): strong.

bellows (bĕl'lŭs): a machine for blowing air.

sexton (sĕx'tŭn): a person who cares for a church.

chaff: the husks of grain.

forge (fōrj): a place where iron is heated and shaped.

anvil (ăn'vĭl): an iron block.

enticed (ĕn-tīst'): coaxed.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. What can you tell about the blacksmith shop? 2. What can you tell about the smith? 3. How can you tell when the blacksmith is working? 4. Who like to watch the blacksmith work? 5. What does the blacksmith do on Sunday? 6. How does the blacksmith earn "a night's repose"? 7. What is the lesson the blacksmith teaches?

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON (Page 228)

Granada (grä-nä'dä).

meager (mē'gĕr): thin.

senor (sā-nyor'): a title used in place of Mr.

portal (pôr'tăl): door.

corridor (kŏr'rĭ-dŏr): hallway.

obliterated (ŏb-lĭt'ĕr-ā-tĕd): destroyed.

maze (māz): confusion.

cathedral (kà-thē'drăl): large church.

matins (măt'ĭns): morning prayers.

Xenil (zēnl).

accosted (ăk-kŏst'ed): addressed.

ducats (dŭk'ăts): gold coins worth about two dollars.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Why did the stranger go to the mason's house at night? 2. Why did he blindfold the mason? 3. What task was the mason to perform? 4. Why didn't he complete it the first night? 5. Why did the stranger tell the mason not to uncover his eyes until the cathedral bell rang? 6. What was the task of the mason on the second night? 7. What request did the rich old miser make of the mason? 8. Why was the mason so ready to accept the offer? 9. Why wasn't the clinking of gold heard at night in the chambers of the dead miser?

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS (Page 234)

miniature (mĭn'ē-ă-tūr): very small.
coursers (kors'ērs): swift horses.
obstacle (ŏb'stȧ-kl): something in the way.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE POEM

1. Why was not a creature stirring in the house? 2. What stockings were hung by the chimney? 3. Of what were the children dreaming? 4. Why could St. Nicholas be seen so distinctly? 5. Why are the reindeer and sleigh compared with dry leaves? 6. Why were St. Nicholas' clothes tarnished? 7. Do you think St. Nicholas was "a right jolly old elf"?

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP (Page 238)

Aladdin (ă-lăd'dĭn).
provinces (prŏv'ĭns-ĕs): districts.
Mustapha (mŭs-tä'fä).
bazaars (bȧ-zärs'): fairs.
turquoises (tūr'kois-ĕs): precious stones.
amethysts (ăm'ē-thĭsts): precious stones.
enchantment (ĕn-chȧnt'mĕnt): charm.
redoubled (rē-dŭb'ld): greatly increased.
genie (jē'ny): spirit or fairy.
sultan (sŭl'tăn): ruler of a Mohammedan country.
Badroulbadour (bȧd-rōōl'bȧd-dōōr).
vizier (vĭz'yer): chief minister.
foreheads (fŏr'ĕds).
tyrant (tī'rănt'): a cruel ruler.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. Why did the magician choose Aladdin for his helper? 2. Why was Aladdin well fitted to be the magician's tool? 3. How did the magician deceive Aladdin and his mother? 4. Why did the magician promise to open a shop for Aladdin? 5. How did he carry out his wicked plan? 6. Why did he leave Aladdin in the cave? 7. How did the ring help Aladdin to get out of the cave? 8. How was the lamp useful to Aladdin? 9. How did he win the sultan's consent to marry his daughter? 10. Why was the magician surprised when he heard of Aladdin's good fortune? 11. How did he get possession of the lamp? 12. How did the magician injure Aladdin? 13. How did Aladdin get the lamp again?

THE ENCHANTED HORSE (Page 262)

festival (fĕs'tĭ-văl): holiday.
Persia (pĕr'shĭ-ȧ).
celebrated (sĕl'ē-brāt-ĕd): kept.
liberal (lĭb'ĕr-ăl): generous.
artificial (är-tĭ-fĭsh'ŭl): not real.
stirrup (stĕr'rŭp): a ring for holding the foot of one riding on horseback.
insolent (ĭn'sō-lĕnt): insulting.
zeal (zēl): eagerness.
sabres (sā'bĕrz): swords.
hospitality (hŏs-pĭ-tăl'ĭ-ty): kindness to strangers.
Bengal (bĕn-gal').
amiable (ā'mĭ-ȧ-bl): friendly.
flattering (flat'tĕr-ing): praising.
discourse (dĭs'kôrs): talk.
defied (de-fīd'): challenged.
dervish (dĕr'vĭsh): a Persian monk.
Cashmere (kăsh'mēr).
pulse (pŭls): beating of the heart.
deprived (dē-prīvd'): took away.
civilly (sĭv'ĭl-ly): politely.
surpassing (sûr-păs'ing): wonderful.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STORY

1. How did the king of Persia encourage inventors? 2. How did he test the enchanted horse? 3. What did the king offer to give for the horse? 4. Why did the prince ride the horse? 5. Why was the Hindu cast into prison? 6. Where did the prince alight? 7. How did the prince meet the princess? 8. How did the prince and the princess return to Persia? 9. What did the Hindu do when he was let out of prison? 10. What happened to the princess? 11. How did she deceive the king of Cashmere? 12. How did the prince find the princess? 13. How was she cured? 14. How did the prince and the princess escape?